

INGS.

conquer, oppose it
giving to Jesus the
the Salvation Army.
at Battles," 107.
I've been in,
sights I have seen,
in its brightness, He
g and what shame
His name,
e stars He'll make

ood white as snow,
eking here below;
strife in my soul,
my peace over-

have been,
have seen,
from my sorrow
e all around,
en I found,
love and mercy

tion.

the Old, Old Story;
B.B., 30,
visit Calvary,
redeemer died;
the fountain,
'tis wide,
o sever
lives complete;
for ever
his feet.
all salvation
d now;
ght redemption
by you;
and, now claiming,
od will flow;
believing,
all know.

the Next," 293;
No. 57.

next to follow
xt His cross to
some one is wait-

is:
n follow Jesus?
His precious feet,
to lay every bur-

er's Mercy-seat?
to follow Jesus?
xt to praise His
chorus of free re-

Praise the Lamb?

ARLES, Age 29;
hair: blue eyes;
tchman. Missing
it heard of in
was going east,
d in Marysville,

JOHN, Age 38;
complexion, Cana-
hair: blue eyes;
married; horse
no years. Last
Believed to be
clinty of Hamil-
needed.

RELATIVES, Miss
ishes to find
ant Sarah and
father and moth-
They came to
nybody who can
ase write above

MRS. M. A. nee
is country with
mily in Spring,
in 1908, Mott-
nt 5ft. 4in.; fair
air complexion;
England. News

STAFF-CAPTAIN, MRS.
Will come to the
At 10 o'clock
ON JULY 21ST

T. S. F. APPROPRIATE
Captain Miles, Halifax, Canada,
Sydney, Nova Scotia, July 21, 1910.
Glasgow, July 21st.

Captain East, cell of the Toronto
Training Home will visit the following
places:—

Bracebridge, Saturday and Sunday,
23rd and 24th.

Lindsay, Monday and Tuesday,
25th and 26th.

Penelon, Falls, Wednesday,
Thursday, 27th and 28th.

Bowmanville, Friday, 29th.

Oshawa, Saturday and Sunday,
30th and 31st.

All intending candidates should
call on the Captain.

7928 GERRE, MRS. M.
SARAH, Age 37. Born in Canada,
three years. Last heard of in
China, Montreal; may be at
some Wesleyan Mission. News
wanted.

7880. ARNOLD, J. D. Age
40; height 5ft. 10in.; fair
complexion; light hair; blue eyes;
married eleven years; was in the
African War; accustomed to
Y. M. C. A. An old friend, A. B.
anxious for news.

7883. WOODS, RACHEL, (nee
Till) Age 35; brown hair; blue
eyes; English; married ten years.
Last known address, from
Friends anxious.

7883. HUTCHINSON, CHARLIE
ANDERSON, Age 19; height 5ft.
er 9 in.; brown hair; fair com-
plexion; hazel eyes. Canadian. Mar-
ried four years; very quick and
News wanted.

7923. ROSS, CHARLES, Age
Last heard of 1872, York, Ont.
Farmer. News wanted.

7897. SAUNDERS, DONALD
mailist. Last heard of in
Married. News wanted.

7890. JNO. GARMITT, (nee
Till) Age 35; height 5ft. 10in.;
fair complexion; light hair; blue
eyes; married eleven years; was in
the African War; accustomed to
Y. M. C. A. An old friend, A. B.
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THE WAR CRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

26th Year. No. 43.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1910.

THOMAS B. COOPER,
Commodore.

Price 5 Cents.



ALMOST A MURDERER—BUT THE RAZOR WAS NOT THERE!

See Short Story, "The Picture's Appeal," p. 4.

"In his rage he pulled at the drawer; it came away bodily . . . The picture (inset) riveted his attention, and then he turned over the turn-page and read words which seemed to flood his soul with hope."

TEMPORARIES

the ordinary something like half-Social

idays.

pend them.

s in the coun- stress and the sea, she packs home. ren say when ster Jessie is

will be sure to mother, some- and something r. And she'll us out, and

little room r fingers, and gets how tired expecting her

"says father, r holiday—all et, while the e'll have bet- to will take d the mend- because Jess cockings and

roud to take Sunday. Our

ssid: "I'm ie to have nys with that

would be tra cooking s more to Jessie consequence tion all the would leave er.

other folks ry one, get res for our- in love and to give them land on the Tipu Can- and with this the vation Army settlement they should have a fair chance of making a liv- est livelihood. That they are not hopelessly criminal is proved by ne of the same tribe who have settled down peacefully as greenpans in various villages in Sialkot District. From The Madras Mail.

ness.

delight. Be firm as a rock when tempted to sin.

Washington. ding, a t was con- of The Sal-

in will vi- able I did what I could, and always felt the great responsibility and privilege of the work.

made, of r-comrade heart. work as l. "The

I flashed you, that continued e, often, d to hand way."

as the tion ran draving, art for win- the the rest.

those den give at-leaving is Glory of real- izing the some- tem of d misty be light my fur-

What ARE we doing with it. The BEST service is none too good.

reader to "Him Who gave the

vation Army, says the (Miss). Times. Many of those attending the service are not regular attendants at religious services, and they were very attentive, and a number of them were affected by the earnestness of Captain Brown as the services progressed, and tears trickled down their cheeks. One man requested the prayer of the preacher for his son's salvation. Captain Brown is laboring earnestly and faithfully in the cause of salvation, and is hopeful of some success here in his work. He has begun active work among the Chinese; he is teaching them to read and write English, and is, of course, pointing them to the way of the living God.

Reclaiming Indian Criminals.

Giving them a Chance to be Honest.

The Sanat or the Pakhiwara may have a natural tendency towards crime, but the tendency is often developed by want of opportunity to earn an honest livelihood. Doubtless most of the tribes have idleness bred in the bone, but a not inconsiderable proportion have been weaned from evil ways by the chance of cultivating a plot of land or learning a respectable trade. The Lieutenant Governor is not alone in the opinion that hard work is the true cure for a hereditary tendency to crime, and though there will be a considerable proportion of backsliders, there is proof enough that reclamation is not beyond the bounds of possibility. The Sect-on of the Pakhiwaras was taken to be taken in hand by the Salvation Army at Sialkot have an evil reputation for crime, and they are said to exhibit no signs of reformation. They constantly abscond themselves, and commit crimes all over the country. On the other hand the Pakhiwaras themselves complain that they have not enough land to cultivate, and they consider it infra dig to work in canals as laborers. It is proposed to give them land on the Tipu Canal, and with this the Salvation Army settlement they should have a fair chance of making a honest livelihood. That they are not hopelessly criminal is proved by one of the same tribe who have settled down peacefully as greenpans in various villages in Sialkot District. From The Madras Mail.

Be firm as a rock when tempted to sin.

Be sure you are right, then—forward.

able I did what I could, and always felt the great responsibility and privilege of the work.

Oh, my Comrades who glance over their lives, let me beg you not to lightly esteem your God-given chance of service in the Hall, the street, the workroom, the office. Do not become so accustomed to them that you cease to prize, to value them, and make the best use of them. The SAME chance never comes twice, the same company never meets a second time. Crowds disperse never to gather in exactly the same manner. This is a solemn thought. Always changes, always vacant places, the seats occupied by others. This is the fleeting Eternity is rushing onward. For some of us perhaps its shadow is stretching near at hand. The life of life will flicker out, the hand will lose its power, the thinking brain its flashing thoughts, the hurrying foot its swift tread. The same heart its warm pulsations, the same gone, gone—life and its glories, its opportunity for Christ and the Cross. What ARE we doing with it. The BEST service is none too good.

reader to "Him Who gave the

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A Day with a Field Officer.

Recently fifty newly-commissioned Officers left the Training College to do duty as Field Officers. The following is an illuminating article as to how those comrades will spend their time.



It is your turn to read this morning, Lieutenant, and I will pray. After that I think we'll do as I was always brought up to at home: we will read together a bit of The General's Orders and Regulations for Field Officers. Father never missed that with us children at home. My sister and I had pretty well mastered the book when we entered the Training Home."

Prayers over, the Captain turns to the bundle of letters brought by the postman half an hour ago.

There is one from the Divisional Officer, to begin with. A refractory Soldier has appealed to higher authority, and the D.O. gives instructions how to set.

Letter number two reads thus:

"Dear Sister, I heard your Open-air meeting last night as I passed on the tram. I came down off that car—I just had to—to listen. I'm so miserable. I am a backslider, and I formed a friendship with a young man who got me to give up my salvation. We married. Three months after he fell out of work, forbade me the meetings, and made me dance in clubs every evening. He thrashes me when I don't put enough soul into my dancing. I'm so wretched. The path of roses I thought to find has turned out a path of thorns. May I come and see you? I do want to be good again."

The Captain's Correspondence.

The third is a request for a visit from one who used to be a Churchman and moralist merely. Three months ago he, too, listened at an Open-air meeting, and wrote to ask for an interview, saying that he was a professed Christian, having been baptised and confirmed, but nowhere had he heard of the experience of victory over sin and temper and self which Salvationists seemed to experience. Did one get this by Confirmation? What did The Army really mean by the word "Saved"? He received an invitation to the Meetings, attended several, claimed from God the experience he coveted, and now leads a happy, victorious life.

In a fourth letter he is enclosed in order to help Self-Denial, the Lieutenant and Sergeant procured an outfit from the Shoehacking Company, and set to work in the streets at "one penny a pair." The writer saw them at work, found them later holding an Open-air meeting in Victoria Park, and now sends this mark of appreciation.

Two other letters complete the "Urgent Correspondence," which has to be attended to before visiting.

Morning visits are all short in this Corps, the people being fully engaged with housework. At the first house the woman is found preparing dinner.

Poste-Peeling and Praying.

"Well, Mother," says the Captain, cheerily, "you are busy peeling potatoes. Let me peel one or two with you while we talk." She has begun one before the good wife can object.

The next woman called upon is dish-washing, and, while the Captain uses the drying-towel, she forgets it is a "pastoral visit," and quite naturally pours out a heart full of trouble.

Then comes an old man who has been bedridden for years, who is occasionally favored by an Open-air meeting being held outside his house, to his intense delight. A few moments is all that can be spared for him, for overhead there is a woman with dropsy, who has been counting the days, so she says, to this visit. Three weeks ago the doctor came to tap her. "I want assistance," he explained briefly. "Whom can you get?"

"I ain't got nobody, nowhere," wails the invalid; "but if you'd ask somebody in the court they'd go and fetch The Salvation Army; they'll help you."

It was a new occupation for the Captain, but it all came in the day's work.

There is just time to call on a sick journalist before dinner. A little while ago a slip of paper was passed to the Captain by a lady who stopped for a moment or two on the edge of the Open-air rink, asking her to call at a given address. She found an educated man in bed, his wife and five children in the same room, the wife pounding away at a sewing-machine near his aching head, with no other hope than it afforded to keep starvation away. The Captain ran out to a butcher near by, begged some beef for boiling, wrote to Mrs. Booth pleading for a little money for rent, and kept oversight of the family ever since. The Captain looks in as often as possible, and gives him any nourishment he can take; sings, if he can bear it, softly, if he cannot; brings a fresh flower, or a clean pillow, and always a sense of comfort.

It is but a question of days now, and the journalist will be at rest.

A Dying Man's Chance.

She is almost at the Quarters when a woman is discovered running after her. "Oh, excuse me, please; we haven't any call upon you, really; but do come, and pray with a dying man!" The Captain turns back at once, finds a respectable house, and a man very ill, but conscious, and anxious about his soul.

"I've-always-been-moral man," he gasps, "but—not enough—cannot die—not sure."

With no waste of words the Captain speaks, simply, to the point, and he eventually repeats after her: "The Blood—of Jesus Christ—cleanseth—from all—ALL sin."

For fully half an hour she kneels at his side, giving a word here and there, as he can take it, commending him to the mercy of God. At last he looks up with a smile. "I see—the Blood—all sin!" It is his last effort. As she rises from her knees, he closes his eyes on the world like a tired child content to rest.

"I've just seen a man die, Lieutenant," says the Captain, as she sits down to a plateful of steaming vegetable soup. "What have you been doing?"

Singing vs Swearing.

"Well, you told me to take those rags round for Mrs. Smithson's boy's leg. I did, after I got through cleaning our front room. Then I ran in to Nancy Greig—the one who makes rabbit-skin rugs. I helped pull fur with her a little, and cheered her up. She was singing like a lark when I went in, and all that downy stuff flying about, too! You know that woman on the next floor to Nancy, whom we heard swearing so? Well, she came out as I went downstairs. 'Mornin', Capt'n,' she said; 'sounds all right up there,' pointing to Nancy's room; 'I can't think how that poor thing can sing—sing!—when she's got such a 'usband. He ran her out o' house only night afore last with a knife. He looked her out last week and the week afore that. He's a wretch, he is, always at her. An' then she sits an' sings!'"

"That's good," exclaimed the Captain, cheerfully. "Nancy is bearing her witness well. She gave her testimony last Sunday afternoon when you were in the Juniors' Meeting, and said: 'The Lord never leaves me; I'm never afraid!' I'm sure that's true. I wish we could get hold of her husband. Tell you what, we'll get to know his favourite public-house, and drop in there with The War Cry."

Welcomed at the Pubs.

"You know that tall, rough-looking man we saw in the 'Golden Star' on Saturday night? I met him on my way to the Open-air last night. He doffed his cap, and asked if we should be coming to the 'Golden Star' any more. I said: 'Oh, yes, but you'd be a deal better if you didn't go.' 'I know what you say is right, miss,' he said, 'an' all my mates know it, too, although we do chaff you a bit now an' again.' That public-house visiting does get hold of the rough men, doesn't it?"

"Best thing we do, almost. Now, dear, let's have our bit of reading before we pray. Get Arthur's 'Tongue of Fire'; that will do me good to-day."

From 2 o'clock till 5 is spent in visiting again. First of all must come a response to a call given rather curiously the previous night. An old widow, in most wonderful head-gear and rusty black shawl had stood looking at them from the edge of the Open-air ring, then flourished a little slate on which was written an address, and "Come and visit me." She could speak, but was extremely deaf, and to one or two questions of the Captain she only smiled, and said: "Can't hear a word ye say, me dear, but I likes to look at yer faces."

A Strange Commission.

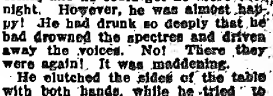
It is a very poor little room where she lives, and the chance of helping her is slight, as she cannot hear; but the Captain soon finds it is to be talked to, not to talk, that she is wanted. After a pouring out of many troubles, the old lady says: "I like your visit very much, me dear, though I can't hear. I want to know if ye will sell a lot o' pawntickets for me. If ye will, I'll leave ye all me goods when I die!" She carries off the tickets, sells them, and returns with the money, resolving to appeal this very night for some worn garments to wrap up the old lady's shivering limbs. The next visit is to a neighbouring workman, where she orders a small can of milk to be left at the old lady's door every morning. She is practically dying of inanition.

Next comes a visit to a Soldier who thinks she "hasn't been served."

(Continued on page 14.)

The Picture's Appeal.

It was interesting to note that on Sunday night three former Bandmasters of Riverdale were playing in the Band, which was led by Bandmaster (Captain) Myers. By name they are:



Death is but a moment, yet eternal.

THE WOR

On Sunday I was
Simpson to bury two
was Enos Wilson.
either was Bro. J. [unclear]
left for our [unclear] [unclear]
very tag at 4.30 a.m. and
at 11.30 p.m. These [unclear]
their children's bodies to
son as it is their home.
(Continued on page 1)

broth in a hurry." The
"Pea-sa in the s
hall!" shouts the wa
and onions." sa
John Bull! Make
about the waiter.
"Give my baked potato
"Mrs. Murphy is
out!" shouts the waiter.
"Stuffed eggs. Don't fry
says a customer. "Add
the garden! Leave the
about the waiter.
"Eggs on toast."
"Rice and grooms
middle of the c
saler.
"cracquettes!" says
"Well hall!" shout

"It seems
special grace
When the m
the nineties,
ary individu
nervous Irr
tempt to ad
heat seems
such a dra
makes many
arily fretful,
would usual
now provok
proof. The
blossome, the
ing, the sun
eting, the f
heat is un
things look
because the
about tea d
"Under th
apt to this

Appeal.

Promoted to

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS

know your razor
there," said the
And kill your
children!"
a dream he rose,
the drawer, and
he razor was not
turned to him that
and read his mur-
hidden it!
dilled at the draw-
body; he recoiled
with a crash on
and its contents

eleven, the wife
it, without avail-
many fingers from
murmured: "No!
Oh, don't bring
me! O God, help

a man downstairs
seriously, found a
scrabbling through the
scattered contents

there! Had he
No, thank God!
on his hands,
gones clasped a

er's part of a
nor weeks ago,
to the drawer—
he saw that the
like his

lending with her
wonderfully like
from the public-

turned over his
words which
out with hope—
was flooding

understand all he
the fact that
interesting in bold
picture depict-
himself, that

Death came very suddenly
a surprise to the comrade,
and Heaven here
was ready for the summer
Captain Orichon, who had

is a pocket, crept
Somehow, the
to have left
want that once
man, with wife
le, while over
Flag with a

up till dinner-
the downstairs
and kissed
she shed that
d! What did
he do, done, or

at dinner-
much, but his
as he looked
as usual,
so as not to

stomached his
shamefaced to
The Army
in to under-
was pass-
showed her
"War Cry,"
th went out
when they
just kiss!

in the north
portrait of
of the wall,
lecture from
social" has
and the
at up from
sometimes
tells its

once was
all his
the blood-
of Army.
is to de-
et eternal.

BRO. STEELS OF ST. ALBANS

On Monday, July 1st, the
William Steele arrived in
from Winnipeg. The
formerly of the
and he went to
After long
time he was
Elmhurst, he was
ward. The funeral
by Captain V. P. Ma-
made for St. Albans,
graciously sustain the bereaved
—C. C.

SISTER CHANCE OF CAMPTON, N.H.

Sister Lucy Chance has
Heaven. For a long time
months before she died
ed. Although she could not
the meeting, she told those
ed her to meet her in Heav-
her. As one of the golden
"Jesus, I Will Trust Thee,"
emiles came upon her face. The
eral was conducted by Cap-
cring. A number of golden
present at the graveside, and
sung "Shall We Gather at the
many were moved to tears. The
comfort the bereaved com-
Emma Perry.

SISTER KELLESTINE OF STRATHROY.

Death has visited our Com-
taken from our midst Sister
Kellestine, the beloved wife of
Y. P. Treasurer.

Our comrade had only been a
dler for seven months, but was
interested in the progress of
Corps, and was out and out
Death came very suddenly
a surprise to the comrade, who
and Heaven here
was ready for the summer
Captain Orichon, who had

is a pocket, crept
Somehow, the
to have left
want that once
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le, while over
Flag with a

up till dinner-
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Road to Superstition

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made for St. Albans,
graciously sustain the bereaved
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Making It Easy for a Passenger on an Aeroplane to Guide the Pilot: The
Microphone Invented by Captain Marconnet in Use.
It is obviously difficult for the passenger behind the pilot of an aero-
plane to make that pilot hear while the machine is making a rapid
flight through the air. Hence the invention, by Captain Marconnet,
of the microphone here shown. With the aid of this the passenger,
armed with a map of the route, can give the pilot directions with
ease. It will be noted that the mouth-piece used by the passenger is
attached to the flap of the pilot's cap, and that the mouthpiece for the
pilot is placed on his left shoulder.

A New Terror in Naval Warfare.

Those who believe that an increase
in the power of war engines will ul-
timately keep nations from venturing
on hostilities are pleased with the
latest progress of Naval Constructor
Hollman, of the German navy, who
has taken out a patent on a device
for destroying immense battleships.
It is an enormous magnetic dynamo,
capable of being charged up to 29,000
volts. With this, Constructor Hol-
man asserts he can attract by mag-
netic power any battleship within a
radius of seven miles. In fact, he
believes he will yet be able to con-
struct a magnet so powerful as to
attract an entire fleet of battleships
into shallow water, where they will
be grounded and thus rendered use-
less for warlike purposes.

His plan is to establish the mag-
netic dynamo in the mouths of
rivers, or favorable submerged posi-
tions along the coast, where they
would not be readily detected. As
there are magnetic dynamos in sev-
eral of the German shipyards capable
of lifting a dead weight of 50,000
pounds, Hollman's claims can be
readily granted. It would seem that
anchors and ship's engines would be
powerless against the silent force
drawing them toward ineffectiveness.
How like this is to the hidden forces
of sin that draw men to destruction.
Is not the enemy of our souls con-
tinually devising new methods to de-
stroy us? Let us watch and pray
lest we enter into temptation.

Keeping Cool.

The following extract from an
article in the Christian Guardian is
timely. The writer says:
"It seems as though men needed
special grace for high temperatures.
When the mercury remains up in
the nineties, or thereabout, the ordi-
nary individual is apt to suffer from
nervous irritability. Nature's at-
tempt to adjust herself to the extra
heat seems to be accompanied by
such a drain upon the nerves as
makes many of us more than ordi-
narily fretful, and things which we
would usually pass by with a smile
now provoke needless sharp re-
proaches. The children are more trou-
blesome, the employer is more exas-
perating, the food is less appetizing,
the heat is unbearable, and altogether
things look decidedly blue. And all
because the mercury has climbed
about ten degrees too high.
"Under these circumstances we are
apt to think we have lost some of

our religion—and other people are
apt to agree with us. But it is not
really a case of religion; it is rather
a case of nerves; and it is well to
recognize this fact. The corn and
tomatoes, the fruit and the grain,
need the hot weather, and we should
make the best of it. In many cases,
we think because we are hot we can
cool ourselves off by drinking great
quantities of water, tea, etc. This is
a mistake, and we often suffer for it.
In ordinary weather our thirst may
be a safe guide as to what we ought
to drink. In very hot weather it is
discomfort it is intended to dispel.
In ordinary weather temperance in
eating and drinking is desirable; in
hot weather it is a necessity."

They Loved their Work.

A contractor who has a pair of
horses that have been in almost con-
tinuous service for twenty years re-
lates the following story in the
World's Chronicle:
"A few years ago I decided that this
team had earned retirement to an
old age of comfort on the farm, and
shipped them out to the country. Nat-
urally, I expected to see them grow
fat and sleek, with no work to do, and
the best of stock farm fare. But what
was my surprise to note that instead
of gaining they lost weight and rap-
idly went down hill.

"After some weeks of watching, my
farm boss decided that the old
horses were actually pining for their
daily work to which they had been ac-
customed. We brought
them back and put them at light
work. They are fat and hearty, one
twenty-five and the other twenty-six
years old. My bookkeeper figures
that those two old greys have done
\$10,000 worth of work for us since
we tried to retire them."

Horses, like men, will do more for
the kind driver than for him who
applies whip and spur. It pays to be
kind to the man who does your
work, and it pays to be kind to your
horse.

New Food Supply Sapped.

For some time past experiments
have been in progress in Texas with
regard to the use of cotton-seed as a
substitute for wheat flour, and tests
by the State chemist show that flour
made from cotton-seed is in many
ways more nourishing than that made
from wheat. The chemist states that
this flour contains twice as much pro-
tein and flesh-forming material as

meats, and that it makes wholesome
and desirable food, more digestible
than that made from wheat flour.

In one district wheat flour has been
almost entirely given up. It is found
desirable, however, to mix wheat
flour with the new product in the
proportion of three cotton-seed flour
to one of wheat, as the former has
not sufficient adhesive qualities. It
is also declared that it can be pro-
duced at about half the cost of wheat
flour.

Providence has much in reserve,
and it is not unpleasant to read of
such full sources of food supply as
this being tapped at a time when
meat is so rapidly rising in price.

Violence and Brutality.

The Apostle Paul founded some of
his noblest rhetoric upon metaphors
derived from the Greek Stadium, but
what would (asks the Homiletic Re-
view, for June) the great Apostle say
concerning athletics and games and
sports as they are practised in Chri-
stian lands to-day? We do not won-
der at the consternation which ser-
ious and thoughtful observers are ex-
pressing in view of the violence and
brutality disgracing many national
sports.

The "Illustrated papers on both sides
of the Atlantic are now beginning to
appeal to the public sense of horror
by reproducing scenes of tragedy,
showing how death occurs in the
football-field. The American Univer-
sities have initiated proceedings like-
ly to end in a drastic prohibition of
the game altogether.

The case is not quite so terrible in
England, so far as physical violence
is concerned, although some recent
occurrences in Lancashire and Wales
very nearly ended in fatalities. But
there is a moral side to the whole
matter, which is even more critical
and ominous.

The Cost of Air Travel.

To run an airship service is a
costly experiment. According to a
writer in a magazine airships of 50-
600 cubic meters displacement would
need to be refilled twice a month. A
new process for producing hydrogen
makes the inflating of ships the size
of the Zeppelin IV cost \$525, as com-
pared with \$3,091 a year ago. Gas
drawn from the chambers and burned
in the motors, to compensate for
weight lost by the consumption of
gasoline, would cost \$155, leaving
\$198 for gasoline consumed.

Docking, overhauling, and repair-
ing between trips would not exceed
\$250. An airship costs \$144,000; it
will last four years if regularly over-
hauled; a credit of \$300 for each trip
would represent material that could
be taken from an obsolete ship to
furnish the new one.

A captain now receives \$3,856 a
year; two lieutenants, each \$2,410,
and three engineers, each \$1,446. This
personnel would need to earn \$301
each trip, but by transferring the
crew from incoming to outgoing ships
\$200 would be a conservative esti-
mate for wages. Roughly the expense
of each trip would be about \$1,203.

If twenty passengers were carried
at \$120 each, the fare on a first-class
steamship, the returns would enable
the air liner to pay a handsome divi-
dend and lay aside a fund for better
wages to more expert officers. The
captain must be assisted by a nav-
igating officer, both drawing \$8,000
to \$10,000 a year, according to the
training and service demanded of
them, which includes expert skill in
astronomical and meteorological cal-
culations and wireless telegraphy.

On the occasion of the reopening
of the Ottawa 1. Citadel, the Band
gave a musical festival. The Band-
men were attired in new uniforms.
The program included a cornet solo
from Bandmaster Harris, a vocal ses-
sion, and a trombone solo by Band-
man May. Captain Thompson at the
close of the program gave Bandmas-
ter Harris a brand new baton, pre-
sented by a well-wisher in the Corps.

Salvation means alteration —
right about face—or nothing at all.

A SALVATION ARMY MOONLIGHT TRIP.

Excursion on Lake Ontario—Eight Bands on Board—The Chief Secretary Presents New Batons.

It was a Salvation Army ship that cruised about on the peaceful bosom of Lake Ontario on Monday night, July 18th. The starlit sky, the silvery moon, and the pure atmosphere made a perfect night for a moonlight excursion, for that is what it really was.

At 8 o'clock crowds of Salvationists began to congregate at the Bay Street Wharf, Toronto. One after another Army Bands came swinging along playing the latest music.

The turbine steamer "Turbinia" was soon laden with almost a thousand persons, the majority of whom were Salvationists from every Corps in the city. The Bands were the last to come on board—there were eight of them.

At 8.30 the steamer slipped her moorings. Simultaneously a crowd gathered on the lower deck for the "openings" ceremony, conducted by the Chief Secretary, Col. Mapp. It was not a meeting, but a programme had been prepared for the benefit of all on board, and it commenced with an old song: "Jesus the Name High Over All." Brigadier Morehen and the West Toronto Band assisted the Colonel in this short ceremony. After Ensign Hanagan had prayed that God's blessing might be upon the entire programme and those who were to listen to it, the Chief Secretary congratulated everybody concerned with the arrangements of the trip. He felt that it was just another of "The Army's schemes for reaching the people with the Gospel message, and that it was, indeed, "doing all to the glory of God."

By this time the Bands had seated themselves in their appointed places—some on the lower deck, fore and aft, some on the top deck. Crowds of Salvationists—and outsiders, too—gathered around each Band. Each had a little programme to give, and each got a goodly share of patronage and applause.

The Chief Secretary had a busy time from start to finish of the sail. He began his tour of the vessel's decks as she glided out of the dock, and visited the Wycliffe Band first. After congratulating Bandmaster S. White, the Colonel said that he had no doubt that the Band had desired to do even better. Perhaps they could accomplish this if their Bandmaster had a new stick—as the Colonel called the black, silver-tipped baton which, amid cheers, he presented to Bro. White. Wishing the Band and Corps success under their new Officers, Capt. and Mrs. Beattie, the Colonel left for the West Toronto "stand."



Captains Veigel, Davies, and Steinburg.
Three Officers of the Eastern Province.

Bandmaster Richards was leading his men in the "Old Times March No. 1," when the Colonel arrived to compliment the Band on its progress during the last few months, and to present a new baton to the Bandmaster. The words of inspiration which the Colonel spoke must have cheered the men. Anyhow, they cheered and cheered again.

Under the shadow of the captain's bridge, there was a little Band of seven players, namely, Earls Court. The Colonel reminded the men that the largest Bands—like the Lisgar Band, which had 42 men on board—had small beginnings. "Like Earls Court district," he continued, "you will grow and grow, and become, I hope, a large Band with a large influence for good. They say babies sometimes need the stick. Well, you are a "Baby Band," and— The crowd began to laugh, and the Colonel finished his address amid cheers and smiles. Bandmaster Darling was eventually presented with a new "stick."

Amidships on the top deck the Lippincott Bandmen were grouped. Their silver instruments and sweet music attracted a great crowd. The Chief Secretary, in an appreciative address, thanked the Band for its services, presented Bandmaster Ives with a new baton, and called on Major McGillivray to pray.

The Temple Band was next visited. The Colonel referred to the Band as "The Band of our premier Corps," and said that although its success had been great, he believed it would be even greater—especially so when Bandmaster (Ensign) Hanagan had a new baton! This the Colonel then presented to him.

On the top deck, in full view of the broad path of light shed by the moon on the placid lake, sat the Riverdale Band. Colonel Mapp warmly praised Bandmaster (Captain) Myers for his efforts on behalf of the moonlight trip were made by the Lisgar Bandmen under the direction of one of their comrades, Bro. Goddard. Moreover, the batons presented to the Bandmasters were the gifts of the Lisgar men, who are ever ready to show a comradely spirit to all comers. On this spirit, the Chief Secretary commented after the Band had played "The Trumpeter" march. He thanked Bro. Goddard and the men for their interest in their comrade Bandmen in the city, and then presented Bandmaster Dolney with a silver-mounted baton.

Ensign Osbourne then thanked the Colonel for coming on the excursion. A few moments later the gang-planks were let down, and with the eleven strokes of Big Ben ringing in their ears, one of the happiest crowds of Salvationists ever seen in Toronto made their way home.

When a man is saved he begins to fit himself for the Kingdom of Heaven.

Holliness is a walk with God, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left.

The chains of habit are often too small to be felt, until they are too strong to be broken.

All Things to All Men

THE STORY OF A CAPTAIN'S NOVEL AND MISADVENTURES.

One night Captain B. sat in his little quarters thinking over the state of things around him. He was stationed alone at a small Corps which was in a Laodicean condition. Try as he would, he could not wake the soldiers up to a keener realization of their responsibilities for the souls of those around them. Now Captain B. was not the one to let things drift along just anyhow, and so he made up his mind that by the help of God, if he could not move things in one direction he would in another. Opening his Bible to read some of the promises of God over again—he had read and re-read them many times before—till they had become as meat and drink to him—his attention was riveted to that portion of the Gospel narrative where Jesus is called by his enemies "a friend of publicans and sinners."

An inspiration came to the Captain, and he was quick to act on it. "What have I been doing all this time?" he thought. "Here have I been lamenting the fact that sinners won't come to my meetings, when I ought to have been bombarding them in the places where they congregate. Jesus went to eat and drink with publicans and sinners, and I will follow His example, no matter what people say about me."

Whilst thus soliloquizing he had been putting on his hat and coat. He now went out into the street. Not far away was a saloon, and thither he directed his steps. On reaching the place he swung the door open and entered the bar. A crowd of godless and careless young men were in there drinking and talking, and they looked up in surprise as they caught sight of The Army uniform. The Captain gave them a pleasant nod and said: "Well, boys, how are you? I've just come over to enjoy your company a bit this evening."

"Good for you," said one of the company. "Here sit down beside me and say what your poison is."

"Anything you like," said the Captain.

"Will you have a glass of whiskey?"

"Call it in."

The young fellows looked astonished, but not one dared to order the drink.

"After a minute's silence the Captain said: "Well, you don't you call in that whiskey, boys?"

"But you fellows don't drink whiskey, do you?" said the first one who had accented the Captain.

"I didn't say I was going to drink it," said the Captain, "but you've been man enough to ask me to have a glass of whiskey, so call it in."

The young fellow looked a bit sheepish. He evidently didn't know what to make of the queer situation.

"Say now," he said at length, "will you have a cream soda or a lemon sour instead?"

"Anything you like," was the answer.

So a lemon sour was ordered for the Captain.

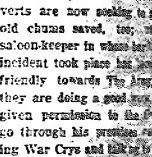
When it was set down beside him he lifted the glass and held it up against that of the man next to him, which contained whiskey. Had they brought him whiskey he would have adopted other tactics. As it was he said: "Look at these two drinks, boys. Now I can drink that lemon

sour with a good conscience, not 'intoxicating' me, and in the morning with a clear head for it makes me feel in control, and in the evening you had not better despise me for I hate the stuff, for I am you were of the same kind. Now let me tell you some straight facts in minutes."

The Captain was smiling task, and as his conversation with great interest it was to wax eloquent. For an hour he preached solemnly and during that time not a glass to their lips. He then gave him a solemn promise they promised to do.

They were as good as next night the next day was augmented by the fact

The Captain had preached to them that night was the last time he read them. As a result of the young fellows got converted and some put up their hands for prayer. Before the week three had kept the form and got converted. The words are now spoken to the old chaos saved, the saloon-keeper in whose incident took place his friendly towards The Army, they are doing a good work given permission to the through his previous saving War Cry and taking



Ensign and Mrs. Stone, with Catherine, with Emma and Cain.

Where Cats are Welcome.

The city of Toronto, much harassed by its small and numerous cats, has been fully taken by the Army and it was found that the city's feline population was too great to be far from health and security of the people, and steps were taken to increase the number of cats saving the kittens.

To encourage the sale of every kitten grown to maturity, a number of cats were taken in 1909. It is estimated that were imported from the sake of the people's health and comfort, and one day spent, for the cats were sent to the hospital for preventing rats from the germs of many diseases.

Three in One Family

CONVERTED THROUGH A WAR CRY.

Just how far The Army's oldest publication, The War Cry, has succeeded in the accomplishment of its objects—the spreading of the Gospel, the recording of the progress of our warfare, and the edification of the people—eternally alone will reveal. Only comparatively few incidents of conversion, restoration, and blessing are ever recorded in the pages of the humble War Cry. The following story told to us by Captain Banton shows how in two instances a "Cry" was the agent used by God in saving souls.

A Sister was booming the Easter Cry. In reply to her knock at the door of a large house a fashionably-dressed lady appeared. She smiled at the Salvationist and said that she would buy a "Cry," but before doing so would like to tell the boomer something. It was this:

Last December she bought a copy of The Christmas War Cry from the Captain. It was an unusual thing for her to do, she admitted. But there—she bought the "Cry." The more she read it the more she became interested in The Army, and God. By the time every page was read she felt very sad, because her life had been spent in the service of the Devil. She was not one but like the Saviour of whose birth she had read.

The "Cry" was thrown on to a table. Before very long the husband took hold of it, and he, too, read it through from cover to cover, with a result similar to that which was making his wife terribly depressed. His conscience pricked him for a past of utter forgetfulness of God. Neither husband nor wife ever went to a place of worship.

One day they realized that they both were miserable over the same discovery that they were far from God, and unprepared for a searching judgment. They faced each other, hardly knowing what to do, neither daring to suggest any of settling the matter which was troubling them. At last they knelt and prayed for forgiveness, and, rejoicing, rejoiced together. But it was not all. That Christmas Cry was another mission to fulfill, although she did not know it. The Cry which to her invalid sister in the West. This girl was sceptic on religious matters. Sitting beside her husband to her. The offer accepted, the sister picked up The Christmas War Cry. Story after story of love and sacrifice she read to the bed-ridden girl, whose eyes soon were filled with tears. She was broken down by the overwhelming love of Jesus, and on that sick bed gave Him her heart. Then, three in one family were converted through a War Cry.

"And now," said the lady, "I will take three copies of your Easter Cry, and bid you 'Good-day!'"

If you want your children to reflect the likeness of Christ, resolutely set that you will put Him before them.

Germany, in 1909, voted £200,000 for submarines, and her latest estimate—1910—provides a further £750,000.

There is always room in the world for a good man, and he makes room for many.

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Three in One Family
CONVERTED THROUGH A WAR CRY.

Just how far The Army's oldest publication, The War Cry, has succeeded in the accomplishment of its objects—the spreading of the Gospel, the recording of the progress of our warfare, and the edification of the people—eternally alone will reveal. Only comparatively few incidents of conversion, restoration, and blessing are ever recorded in the pages of the humble War Cry. The following story told to us by Captain Bunton shows how in two instances a "Cry" was the agent used by God in saving souls.

A Sister was booming the Easter Cry. In reply to her knock at the door of a large house a fashionably-dressed lady appeared. She smiled at the Salvationist and said that she would buy a "Cry," but before doing so would like to tell the boomer something. It was this:

Last December she bought a copy of The Christmas War Cry from the Captain. It was an unusual thing for her to do, she admitted. But there she bought the "Cry." The more she read it the more she became interested in The Army, and God. By the time every page was read she felt very sad, because her life had been spent in the service of the Devil. She was not one bit like the Saviour of whose birth she had read.

The "Cry" was thrown on to a table. Before very long the husband got hold of it, and he, too, read it through from cover to cover, with a result similar to that which was making his wife terribly depressed. His conscience pricked him for a past of utter forgetfulness of God. Neither husband nor wife ever went to a place of worship.

One day they realized that they both were miserable over the same discovery—the discovery that they were alien to God, and unprepared for an approaching judgment. They faced each other, hardly knowing what to do, neither daring to suggest any way of settling the matter which was troubling them. At last they knelt and prayed for forgiveness, and, rejoicing, rejoiced together. But that was not all. That Christmas Cry had another mission to fulfill, although she did not know it. The Cry went to her invalid sister in the West. This girl was a sceptic on religious matters. Sitting beside her bed, another sister asked if she might read to her. The offer accepted, the sister picked up The Christmas War Cry. Story after story of love and sacrifice she read to the bed-ridden girl, whose eyes soon were filled with tears. She was broken down by the overwhelming love of Jesus, and on that sick bed gave Him her heart. Thus, three in one family were converted through a War Cry.

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THE WAR CRY.
Notes and Reflections.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

ABOUT THE CHILDREN.



HAVE just concluded a Council with the leading Officers of the Army in Great Britain who are engaged in directing our work for children—that is, for the Salvation of children and for their training in goodness and virtue. The Council continued for two days, and its full sessions sat from eight to nine hours each day, with Sections working upon particular topics between times. The gathering was marked by close attention and by a serious and yet delightful unity and confidence which promise great things for the future.

Councils of this kind, the working of which is, of necessity, little known, and still less understood, outside the inner circles of The Army, are of infinite value to our Work. Especially does this apply where they are devoted, as was the case in the Council to which I am alluding, to the consideration of some one branch of our operations. Officers who compose them have opportunities of spiritual intercourse and for comparing notes and advising and cheering and helping one another which are simply invaluable. The interchange of opinion and judgment between them and their leaders is also of the highest consequence.

The labor involved on the part of those leaders in preparation for such efforts, including, as it does, the most searching investigation into the actual work being carried on and its results, together with inquiry into the hindrances and difficulties which confront it, is also very valuable.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the intense interest which develops as such a Council proceeds. And the splendid unanimity which manifests itself in the presence of all manner of problems—many of them problems on which differences of judgment and opinion must, in the nature of things, arise—is an unmistakable evidence of the presence of the Spirit of God Who crowns all.

There is, indeed, much to be grateful for in many aspects of our children's, or as we call it, our Junior work. The Officers composing the recent Council did well to be glad. The old notion that religion does not touch children, except with a long pole of propriety and silence and so forth, has gone—shattered, I hope, forever! The still more disquieting opinion that all the Church of God is called upon to do for little children is to teach them the theory of Christianity, and impart correct ideas about Joseph, the Passage of the Dead Sea, and the Ten Commandments, is also passing. Thank God, a hope—a real hope—for the children's Salvation, while yet they are children, is breaking in upon multitudes, and especially upon multitudes of our own people in The Salvation Army.

We have had something to do with bringing in the new ideas. We have led the way in associating in the children's minds the service of God with a life of happiness. We have shown how it was possible, even among the poorest and roughest of the population, to join together true

worship and true obedience and true service with the jolliest music and singing and the brightest Meetings and the gladdest outings.

And we have done more than this. We car, as I said to the Council, lay claim to having made, in two or three directions, a distinct mark in this matter upon the age in which we live. Thus:

We have established a great Movement in the world for bringing children into recognized fellowship with the Church of Christ, and have, in some measure at any rate, revived the idea of child salvation.

We have shown that it is possible to inspire the young people with ideas of sacrifice for Christ's sake in a degree which has been unheard of since the early days of Christianity, when the child-martyrs were amongst the most glorious wonders of the saving and supporting grace of God.

We have shown also that the children of the vilest and lowest classes, as well as of others, can be used as channels of communication and Salvation by which to reach their parents and relatives. We have done this in a measure which has never been heard of before, and we are convinced that by God's blessing it can be done on a very much larger scale than anything we have yet attempted.

I think I may say, then, that we have a right to rejoice. I think the Officers and workers of this Army have grounds beyond the common for glorifying God and magnifying His great mercy towards us in that we have been able, in spite of the greatest difficulties, to accomplish this work, and to establish an organization which bids fair to carry it on and to spread its influences throughout the world.

Perhaps this is not the place to do so, and yet I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration for our Local Officers, especially in their self-denial and often unnoticed toil in this department of Salvation activity. My comrades, your reward is sure!

But Oh, what might be done! Oh, that I could reach and influence the minds and hearts of thousands who could, I am sure, if they would, be valuable helpers in this mighty campaign! If I could, I would entreat them to come forward and make some effort instantly for the children's well-being.

Do not suppose that all is well with them because they are being better educated than in days gone by. Do not be content with rejoicing that the horrors of the old-fashioned schools, and the ignominies of shame and cruelty which often marked them, have disappeared. Do not be deceived because so many of the children seem happier in their play, or are better dressed, or are better fed than they were fifty or sixty years ago. Do not suppose that because our advancing civilization has corrected some of the horrors of the old cruel trades in which children toiled and molded their way down to the grave, that all is well. Remember that there is something more than this world even for the children.

Come and help us to win them for Christ! Come and help us, I say, to

save the children! Do not let them die without God while you are waiting for them to grow up. Begin with them where God begins, at the very earliest dawn of intelligence, and point them not merely to an historical Christ, but to a living, present Jesus who can save them from their sins.

Do not let them learn to lie and cheat and quarrel and hate one another, and hate God and His laws, before they have grown to man's estate. Let us take hold of them when their hearts are tender and their minds are open to the impressions of truth, and cultivate what is noble and unselfish in them, and show them how their young lives may, even now, be laid as an acceptable offering at the feet of Him who gave His life for them.

Do not let them learn to live by trampling others down, and imbrue the notions, so common and so widespread in these days of competition, that it does not matter who goes under if only they can float and rise.

Do not let them learn to depend upon the labor of others, or to covet the fruits of other men's toil, or to sponge on those who happen to be better off than they are. Teach them the nobility of work, and the glory of honest labour, and the true beauty and happiness of self-reliance and goodness. Teach them the contempt Jesus Christ had for merely "getting on," and being better off than their parents or those around them. Show them the old and forgotten lesson that "a man's life consisteth not in the things that he possesseth."

Above all, do not let them forget God. It is very easy, alas, alas! for them to do so nowadays. He is left out of the homes of so many, and left out of the schools, and left out of the books they read. Let us teach them about God, the great God, the only Good. If only we begin soon enough, they will want to know Him, and if they know Him, they will want to love Him. Let us bring them to Him.

Yes, that is it! We must bring them to God. We must gather them into His Kingdom. We must restore them to his family—broken up now by the devastating hatreds of evil and the ghastly plots of Hell. We must gather them to God.

If you can help us, do! If you can come and give us your own service, Oh, do! If you can give us a little money to put up the buildings for them, where they may meet and feel at home and be blessed, please do, and God will crown your act with His blessing!

BRAINWELL BOOTH.

Conscious Forgiveness.

How happy is our state
When consciously forgiven,
This joy our souls doth penetrate,
Like to the joy of Heaven.

When we are penitent,
Our Father doth forgive
The sins of which we do repent
And bids us for Him live.

For Thy forgiving love,
Father, we praise Thy Name;
To serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Forever be our aim.

—Lillian A. Y. Finch.

There have been only eight Speakers of the House of Commons since the first reformed Parliament of 1833.



Ensign and Mrs. Ensign, with daughter and son.

Where Cats are Welcome.

The city of Yokohama, Japan, was much alarmed a short time ago by its small and decreasing cat population. A census of the cats was taken and it was found that there were only 7,000 able-bodied felines within the city's limits. This number was thought to be far too small for the health and serenity of the great metropolis, and steps were at once taken to increase the number of cats by saving the kittens.

To encourage the raising of a pair of twenty-five cents was offered for every kitten grown to maturity. The number of cats nearly doubled in a year, as the last count showed 13,000. It is supposed that the cats were imported from distant places for the sake of the premium offered for them. At any rate the city is healthier and considers the money well spent, for the cats are a great assistance to the health of the metropolis, preventing rats from spreading germs of many diseases.

GAZETTE.

Marriages—

Captain Wallace Buntin, who came out of Springhill Mines on March 3rd, 1907, last stationed at Yorkville, to Captain Maud Luggar, who came out of Yorkville February 26th, 1903, last stationed at Guelph, on July 13th, 1910, at Yorkville, by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp.

Captain William Sproull, who came out of London in March 1, 1906, last stationed at Dartmouth, to Lieutenant Matilda L. Freehand, who came out of Huntingdon, P.Q., on August 29th, 1908, last stationed at Freeport, on June 15th, 1910, at Halifax, by Major McLean.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

THE WAR CRY

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An Incentive to Crime.

Another case in which moving picture shows figure as the direct incentive to crime recently occurred at Pittsburg. A newspaper report says:

"Moving pictures depicting train robberies, safe-cracking, and other crimes must not be shown hereafter in Pittsburg. Director of Public Safety John M. Morin notified all managers of moving-picture shows that these films will not be permitted under penalty of revocation of licenses. The recent hold-up of street cars the Director attributes to the influence of the pictures, and in one of a few days ago the bandits confessed that they were inspired to hold up a street car by pictures of a train robbery they had seen a few hours previous to their attempt, in which they shot a police lieutenant."

It is a cause for regret that moving pictures, which in wise and capable hands might be made useful and instructive to the young, are becoming so degraded as to lead to actual crime and violence. Surely it is time to cry out against the depicting of such things as brutal prize fights, murders, robberies, and immoralities. They only serve to excite the public imagination and arouse devilish passions, and must be utterly condemned as foul agents of Satan. We are glad to note that a healthy public sentiment is springing up along this line, and hope it will soon be impossible in Canada for such pictures to be shown. In common with the theatre, the moving picture show has become a base and degrading institution, places where all spiritual life is quenched, and where candidates are secured for hell. It is another example of a useful invention which might have been a great blessing being captured by the Devil's agents and made a curse to humanity.

The Craze for Armaments.

Speaking in the British House of Commons recently, Chancellor Lloyd George said that the great increase of the cost of government in every land under the sun is due to the competition in armaments between the various countries of the world. They are now spending 2,250 millions of dollars annually upon their machinery of destruction. "All nations," he said, "seem to be infected with an epidemic of prodigality in this respect, which seems to be sweeping over the

world and sweeping to destruction. England takes the lead in that expenditure." He further asserted that it was impossible to stop this wild expenditure until the people of the world reached an amicable understanding.

We hope the time is not far distant when the nations shall come to such an understanding. What a drain upon a nation's resources is the upkeep of great armies and navies. If all the millions now annually wasted in building costly fighting machines were devoted to the solving of some of the world's social problems how much better it would be. Think of what it would do. It would help to abolish slums and overcrowded tenements, and relieve the poverty-stricken of all lands. It could be devoted to educational, commercial, and scientific purposes to the advantage of all, and above all it could be used to send the Gospel to the heathen, and evangelize the world.

Truly 't is a day greatly to be desired when the nations shall "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Where Medicine is Useless.

Writing in the New York Medical Journal, an American physician says:

"The practice of medicine seems to have little regard for anything beyond man's physical being. Mental, moral, and spiritual diseases by far outnumber those of the physical body. More than half our diseases, as well as countless criminals and so-called defectives of society, are of mental origin. Neither politics, civil statutes, nor physic will cure all the ills with which mankind is afflicted; for vicious habits of thought, greed for place, for power, for money, selfishness, etc., may be inherent affections of all humanity."

Quite true. Man is more than a mere animal, and faith has quite as much to do with his recovery from illness as medicine. What is the good of taking medicine if you have no faith that it will cure you? For moral, mental, and spiritual diseases, however, no medicine for the body will avail. We need draughts of life from spiritual sources for such complaints. What all numbers of people is that they are not right with God, and the pleasures of the world satiate them. Let them get converted, and they will feel new life pulsing through their body; in fact, they will become new creatures.

Wasteful Luxury.

A serious menace to the country is the present automobile infatuation. That is what Chancellor James R. Day thinks. In addressing the graduating students at the Syracuse University on self-denial, he chose the automobile as a broad and apparent illustration of a luxury that too often is not sacrificed.

"Young mechanics and clerks and business men," he said, "who need all of their capital, are mortgaging their homes by the thousand, and losing their positions often by their infatuation for this form of pleasure."

"It is said that about \$500,000,000 are invested in the automobile trade, and this enormous capital is non-productive. That is, it adds comparatively nothing to the wealth of the people, but, on the other hand, absorbs it. It means 90 per cent. of

wasted money and wasted time. A certain percentage returns in business uses and wholesome rest and recreation."

Viewed in this light it would seem that the automobile is more of a curse than a blessing to a country.

The Sin of Perjury.

The Ottawa Journal recently published the following:

"A prominent man in Western Ontario has been sentenced to three months in jail for perjury, he swearing to having heard a conversation which occurred when he was twenty miles away. Hardly a day passes in Ottawa or elsewhere, but some witness does not give evidence which the court knows; or believes, to be false. A few more such examples as the above referred sentence, and perjury would grow unpopular."

What is really wanted is a widespread conviction of the sin of perjury—a sin which is an abomination to God. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," was uttered from Sinai thousands of years ago by the Lord God Almighty. He means it just as much to day. But people are forgetting these things. Oh that they would search and try their ways and turn to God.

PERSONALITIES.

Colonel Gaskin, the Field Secretary, accompanied the Temple Band when on 't recent tour, to Ingersoll, Petrolia, and Sarnia. The Colonel speaks in glowing terms of the Band's playing and general deportment. One thing in particular he says—he was glad to see—the Bandmen's interest in the meetings.

Lt.-Col. Rea, writing to T. H. Q. of our Educational work in the colony says:

"The examinations of the London Trinity College of Music have taken place at St. John's, and all the S. A. candidates who went up for exams. have been successful."

"Captain King sat for senior certificate and was successful. My two girls, Gwen and May, sat for the junior certificate, and three of the pupils sat for preparatory certificates. This is very good, and brings our College to the front, seeing that all the candidates passed successfully. Captain King has done magnificently, and for her to have passed the senior exams in music is a distinct gain."

Lt.-Col. Pugmire accompanied Warden Gilmour to the new Central Prison Farm at Guelph, where on Wednesday the former conducted a meeting and initiated Ensign McDonald into his duties in connection with the men in Prison Farm.

Major Phillips reports that he had a good time at the Boys' Reformatory in Vancouver. Out of forty-five boys present, 20 held up their hands for prayer, or to signify their acceptance of salvation.

The Major also says that he recently visited for the first time the British Columbia Penitentiary, and was very kindly received by the Warden and his associates.

Major Miller will supervise the renovations and minor alterations to be

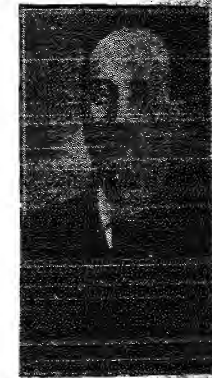
made between the old and new place at the Penitentiary.

Lieutenant Black, who has been appointed to the Bermuda.

Staff-Captain Carr, of the Secretary in Newfoundland, is now preparing candidates for officers' positions. He is instructing in view of the August examination at which they will sit. About a dozen new teachers, he expects, will be added to the rolls.

The officers named in the graph have been appointed to the places following their names: Adjutant Cameron, Adjutant Jaynes, North, Adjutant Bradbury, St. Catharines, Adjutant Ritchie, Montreal, Ensign McDonald, Guelph; Ensign Ash, New Glasgow; Ensign Royle, Barrie.

Mr. McLaughlin, of Ottawa, a friend of the Army, and an expert of several hundred men, whom are numbers of soldiers, has contributed \$1,000 towards fund for the new Army Hall at Ottawa.



Rev. John Felt.

This gentleman is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Leamington, Ont. He is a great friend of the Salvation Army, and recently gave a lecture in the Cornwall Citadel.

Adjutant Sheard is forwarding the Halifax Metropolitan, and will be succeeded by Ensign and Mrs. Malcolm Weir, who have recently been in charge of Halifax H. Corps.

Alderman Hilcox, of Toronto, is a regular contributor to the League in connection with the Riverdale Band, for which he has more than once expressed a special liking. He has said that, in his opinion, the band in the district should be the up-keep of the Band.

Sergeant Melk's, of the Ottawa Reformatory, has been recommended as an Officer by the Commandant, and will be henceforth known as Captain Melk.

Ensign and Mrs. Threlk have been on a long sick leave, but, having recovered, have returned enough to enable them to be put to work at their house.

NATIONAL Y.P. BAND AT COLLINGWOOD.

The Boys' Stir the Town—Lt.-Col. Southall Present.

"Have heard such splendid singing in all my life." "The playing of 'Our Home' by the National Y.P. Band, which in comparison with the efforts of the Ter-

ritory it Pump does the builder commemorates which is noble throat its handsome has one dis great effort is the People origin to the in his novel of Men." By laboring with a great bul London, con woman, who received an of training life. The impressed t brewer that work to g list's dream. ple's Palace beneficent

At 5 p.m. the Band marched up the main street. People rushed from their homes, and several hundreds followed what for the first time they had seen in their ship-building town.

The musical festival at 8 p.m. was a greater eye-opener. The Band played six marches and selections, and instrumental quartette and duet and selections, and there were brass and trombone solos.

The boys captivated everybody. One old gentleman who had been time been a choirmaster made the remark which heads this report. "I have not a consecration service at

the Sunday morning.

The meeting was conducted by Lt.-Col. Southall. The Band played short and suitable selections, and sang "A Charge to Keep I Give Thee." Lt. Col. Southall gave an address of light and help for darkness, and two of whom came to the front to be revived. The afternoon meeting attracted an enormous crowd of people. They were crowded into the spacious hall, and at the meeting's close, Colonel Southall

spoke to God and the work of the Army. Captain Laidlaw, financial representative, presented a list of the subscriptions received for the purchase of the Hall. The afternoon's program was interesting and varied, and to the small boy who listened with wide open eyes — and a treat to the older heads.

Those who stood around the night and there were between one and four hundred people who had had another treat. The band sang and played some old songs, and the Quartette also played.

The hall was filled for the inside of the meeting the Band-boys played and with perfect harmony. The boys also telling what many of the boys had testified to in the meeting—the power of God.

Colonel Southall spoke from the front of the hall: "How should a man love his God?" The message of the hearts of at least three hundred men and a young woman light at the Penitent form was made just in the sight of the night.

The band returned in safety to Toronto Sunday morning.

It is interesting to know that Capt. Southall was a colleague of the late Ensign (Miss) when both were in the International Training School, England. Also that the engine which brought the band to Toronto entertained them at his house.

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EDITORIAL Y.P. BAND AT COLLINGWOOD.

The Boys Strike the Town—Lt. Col. Southall Present.

"Never heard such splendid singing in my life." "The playing of the band is the best I've ever heard."

These are some of the expressions of opinion on the efforts of the Territorial Y. P. Band, which, in company with Lieut. Col. Southall, Major (the D.O.), and Staff-Captain Smith, visited Collingwood on Saturday and Sunday, July 16th and 17th. This visit was also the occasion of the opening of the new Hall (formerly the Parish Hall).

At 4 p.m. the Band marched up the main street. People rushed from all sides, others threw up their hands, and several hundreds followed what for the first time they had seen in their ship-building town—a Boys' Band. It was a surprise.

The musical festival at 8 p.m. was a greater eye-opener. The Band rendered six marches and selections, the instrumental quartette and duet played selections, and there were vocal and trombone solos. The singing of the boys captivated everybody. One old gentleman who had not been time been a choir-master made the remark which heads this report. Major Hay, assisted by Staff-Capt. Smith, led a consecration service at 10 p.m. on Sunday morning.

The Mothers' Meeting was conducted by Lieut. Col. Southall. The Band played three short and suitable selections, and sang "A Charge to Keep I Give You." Colonel Southall gave an address of light and help for darkness, and two of whom came to the meeting to be revived. The afternoon meeting attracted an enormous crowd of people. They were urged into the spacious new hall, at the meeting's commencement, Colonel Southall addressed to God and the work of the spot. Captain Laidlaw, financial representative, presented a report of the subscriptions received for the purchase of the Hall. The report of the afternoon's work was interesting and varied, dealing with the small boy who listened with wide open eyes—and a treat to the older heads. Those who stood around the night before—and there were between three and four hundred people who had not had another treat. The band sang and played some old songs—Gordon, Eaton, Abide With Me, and Jerusalem My Happy Home, and the Quartette also played.

The Hall was filled for the inside of the building. Impressively the Band boys sang and with perfect harmony, and also telling what many of the boys had testified to in the morning meeting—the power of God in the words of Job: "How should a man be just with God?" The message reached the hearts of at least three hundred men and a young woman who knelt at the Pentecost-form during the service.

The band returned in safety to Toronto on Monday morning.

It is interesting to know that Capt. Southall, the Officer in charge of the Corps, was a colleague of the Territorial (English Unit), when both were in the International Training School in England. And that the same of the engine which brought them back to Toronto, entertained them at his home.

WILLIAM BOOTH

AT THE END OF THE DAY.



HERE are not many national memorials to great movements in the east end of London. That dreary stretch of territory that lies east of Aldgate Pump does not offer temptations to the builder of monuments or other commemorations. The Mile-end road, which is really, in parts at least, a noble thoroughfare, concealing behind its handsome front many sad slums, has one distinguished memorial to a great effort for social betterment. This is the People's Palace, which owes its origin to the late Sir Walter Besant. In his novel, "All sorts and Conditions of Men," Besant, who was not then collaborating with James Rice, described a great building in the east end of London, conducted by a wealthy young woman, where poor boys and girls received an education and some sort of training for a higher and better life. The reading of this novel so impressed the daughter of a wealthy brewer that she forthwith set to work to give reality to the novelist's dream. The result was the People's Palace, which still carries on a beneficent work in the east end.

Now the Mile-end road has had another memorial of a great movement, a plain and simple one, nothing but a stone at Mile-end Waste to mark the spot where General Booth preached the first open-air sermon which determined his future career and led to the formation of the Salvation Army. When the history of the world's great religious revivals comes to be written one of the most thrilling pages will be that in which is recorded that awakening of the sad and distressed east end of London to the realities of a revival. The spot where William Booth, the excommunicated young Methodist preacher, stood on the memorable evening of 45 years ago has been marked by a stone bearing the inscription: "Here William Booth commenced the work of the Salvation Army, July, 1865." The exact site is on a new garden strip opposite the Mile-end Great Assembly Hall.

General Booth is an "old ancient" man now, yet to one who, like myself, has been privileged to meet and talk with him on the anniversary of every birthday, and on his return from foreign tours, the years do not seem to make much impression on him. He still has the straight, slim figure of a young man, but his wrinkled face and coronal of white hair and flowing white beard tell of his eighty odd years. He is still keen for work, and in the tiny plainly furnished back room of his very modest home at Hadley Wood in the northern outskirts of London he is writing his autobiography in the intervals between meetings and Salvation Army work in all parts of the country. When finished, this autobiography will be a memorable work, filling up and rounding out an important chapter in the social and spiritual history of Britain, and describing the beginning and progress of what Besant called "The Great Endeavor." The book will have a world-wide interest, too, for in its late phases it will deal with the remarkable overseas development of William Booth's great organization. On

its purely spiritual side the "autobiography" should have a wonderful fascination as a study in spiritual growth and inheritance. It will show how a Nottingham merchant's son, who might have become through sheer business ability a great merchant prince, abandoned commerce and took to street preaching, cutting himself at the same time adrift from the Church of England, in which he had been brought up. And it will show his successive changes from Wesleyanism, with which he first allied himself, to Congregationalism, then to the Methodist New Connexion, and finally, a free man, as the pioneer on the Mile-end Waste of a movement which its opponents thought to stifle with sneers at "Cory-bantic Christianity."

The writing of the book's proceeding by fits and starts, for General Booth in this, as in other matters, is autocratic and will allow no interference with his methods. The life of the Booth family at Hadley Wood is ideally simple. Mr. Bramwell Booth, the General's eldest son and chief of the staff, lives with his family close at hand, and every morning, before he leaves for London, visits his father. Whatever work is in hand at the moment is put aside while the two converse on the affairs of The Salvation Army or on matters of public interest. It is an interesting fact that every officer of The Salvation Army, no matter how high his rank on the staff, is also a common soldier on the roll book of one of the Corps. Thus General Booth himself is a Soldier of the Barnett Corps, and although he is unable to attend the meetings, he "fires his cartridge," otherwise pays his subscription into the branch every week. For this reason the news brought by his grandchildren from the Barnett branch always interests him greatly, and their visits are responsible for many a delay in the composition of the "autobiography." General Booth is a strict vegetarian, and his needs in the matter of food are carefully looked after by a little housekeeper, an old-time Salvationist, whom the General regards with a deep affection. As with all his friends and visitors, the General enjoys a gentle joke at the expense of his old housekeeper, and he tells how, after returning from a deeply interesting visit to the late King and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace, he caught himself addressing his little housekeeper as "Your Majesty." He keeps up the joke still, much to the old lady's confusion. But she takes it in good part, and her master's jocularity makes no difference in her devotion. Every morning when the summons comes she brings him his cup of strong tea—stronger than most people who have a care for their nerves would care to drink—and some thin slices of bread and butter. That is his frugal breakfast, and for lunch there is dry toast, with sometimes vegetable broth, followed by a cup of coffee. Between the two meals he lies down for a short rest, and then, with rare exceptions, the day is spent in constant work. Sometimes he goes for a short walk in the neighborhood accompanied by a faithful dog. The "autobiography" will cover a period

of sixty-five years of active work, and The General does not mind confessing that one of his inspirations in his task is the portrait, hanging in his room, of his dead wife, the "mother" of The Salvation Army, the courageous woman who, when the Methodist New Connexion decided to send William Booth on pastoral work, instead of giving him the revival work for which his heart longed, echoed his "never" from the gallery, and so determined his new start in life.—J. F. W. in the Toronto Globe.

THE FRESH AIR CAMP

Adjutant Price Describes the Joy of the Little Ones.

"Hello, Nurse Price! What are you doing here with all these children?"

"Why, how are you, Mrs. H? Who would have expected to see you?"

Such were the exclamations that passed between Mrs. H. of Winnipeg, and myself as I was on my way to the Fresh Air Camp at Clarkson's with a party of children from Hamilton. Mrs. H. was an old friend of mine, and it was a great surprise to us both to meet under such circumstances. She said: "Are you still in the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

"And are you happy?"

"Happy? Why, yes. Seeking to make others happy brings its own happiness as nothing else can do. Who could be otherwise than happy with these dear little children all looking forward to being out in the country?"

"Is the next station the farm, Adjutant?"

"No, dear. There are three stations before we get to the farm."

"At last, children, here we are. I will get off first, then I will help you. Let me see. Are you all here? Oh! where is Gordon. Oh here you are. Now, wait, children; the Toronto train will be here directly, and then we have to get into a big wagon. Here comes the Toronto train."

Oh! the anticipation of those dear faces. Brigadier Scott-Potter and Captain Solomon, who, of course, as her name would suggest, is a wise little woman, arrive. She is to be left in charge of the Camp with four other Officers, and a party of about 50 is now hoisted into the wagon, and away we go with a "Hip, hip, Hurray!" Oh! such a ride! Who could describe it? Brigadier Potter may forget, for he's a man, but not so Captain Solomon or Adjutant Price. We will not very soon forget.

At last the Farm is reached, with another "Hip, hip, hurray!" and then under the trees the huge plates of eatables and milk all quickly disappear. Then all names are called and entered into a book, and at last we hear the call for us to tear ourselves away from the little tots, with their fresh bread and butter, milk, and the country, to return to our city life again, in two weeks' time to return with another batch, and take back those whom we left to-day, with roses on their cheeks, each healthier, happier and stronger.

Oh! if anyone wants to be happy, the way is to try and make someone else happy by helping us to give these dear city children two weeks of our Fresh Air Camp.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

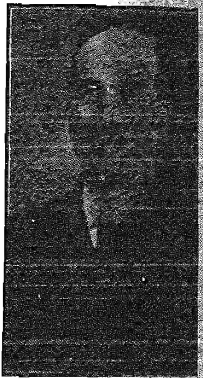
made between...
sion at the Training...

Lieutenant Black...
has been appointed to St. Bernadine.

Staff-Captain Carr...
Secretary in Newfoundland...
now preparing candidates for...
ers' positions. He is instructing...
in view of the August...
at which they will sit. About a...
new teachers, he expects, will...
added to the rolls.

The officers named in this...
graph have been appointed to the...
places following their respective...
names: Adjutant Cameron, Halifax...
I; Adjutant Jaynes, North Sydney...
Adjutant Bradbury, St. Catharines...
Adjutant Ritchie, Moncton; Ensign...
McDonald, Guelph; Ensign...
New Glasgow; Ensign Ash, Wood...
stook; Captain Royle, Dartmouth.

Mr. McLaughlin, of Oshawa, a...
friend of The Army, and an employer...
of several hundred men, among...
whom are numbers of Salvationists...
has contributed \$1,000 towards the...
fund for the new Army Hall at...
Oshawa.



Rev. John Pato.

This gentleman is pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Lunenburg, Ont. He is a great friend of The Salvation Army, and recently gave a lecture in the Cornwall Citadel.

Adjutant Sheard is farewelling from the Halifax Metropole, and will be succeeded by Ensign and Mrs. Malcolm Weir, who have recently taken in charge of Halifax H. Corps.

Alderman Hilton, of Toronto, is a regular contributor to the League in connection with the Riverdale Club, for which he has more than once expressed a special liking. He has said that, in his opinion, everybody in the district should contribute to the up-keep of the Band.

Sergeant Melkio, of the Colby Rescue Home, has been appointed as an Officer by the Commission, and will be henceforth known as Captain Melkio.

Ensign and Mrs. Trank, who have been on a long sick furlough in Newfoundland, have regained strength enough to enable them to take up their pointment, namely, England.

THE WEEK-END'S DESPATCHES

Good Reports of Summer Activities at the Corps.

BANDS ARE DOING EXCELLENT SERVICE IN OPEN-AIR.

SAVED AT THE DRUMHEAD.

Some interesting events at Riverdale. Riverdale.—The Lisgar St. Band gave a musical evening here on Thursday, July 7th. Refreshments were served at the finish of the programme. On Saturday night a man, who had wandered all over the city in search of something to ease his tormented conscience—he was a backslider—knelt at the drumhead as the open-air meeting was being conducted by Adj. Burton.

On Sunday afternoon the Adjutant dedicated the infant son of Bandsman and Sister Sims. At night Adj. Zedeau of Portland, Maine, and Ens. Thomas of Chicago, U.S.A., took part in the meeting. Capt. Kelly of T. H. O. gave a vocal solo. Sister Mrs. Tempterson was commissioned as Corps Cadet Guardian. Two young men volunteered for salvation.

On Sunday morning, July 17th, Adj. Burton dedicated Bro. and Sister Price's infant son. It was interesting to learn that Mrs. Price when a child was dedicated to God and The Army by her parents. Her father (Band League Secretary Brown) held the flag over her and husband on Sunday last.

Mrs. Capt. Nichol and Capt. Stevenson, both of whom were at one time Soldiers of Riverdale, gave testimonies in the night meeting. Captains Palmer, Kelly, and Dodd also assisted. The band, under Captain Myers, made an excellent showing all day. A young man came back to God in the prayer meeting, which was led by Capt. Kelly.

LIGHTS WENT OUT.

And Meeting Came to an Abrupt End.

The week-end meetings at Uxbridge were conducted by our new Officers, Capt. Mitchell and Lieut. Davis. They arrived on Thursday, starting at once to get acquainted with the people. They were heartily welcomed by all. On Saturday night two open-air were held, record crowds standing and listening to what was said. Sunday morning's Holiness Meetings was a time of blessing to all, likewise the afternoon. At night God was especially near, and everyone anticipated a great time. A duet by the Officers added greatly to the interest of the service. During the Captain's address the meeting was brought to an abrupt end by the lights going out. We are looking forward to rich times in the future. —Smore.

ELEVEN FOR SALVATION.

Two Farewells for the Garrison.

We are having grand times at Dillo. On Sunday, July 3rd, we had with us Ensign Sainsbury and Captain Rose. On Sunday night eleven souls sought salvation. C. C. Lucy Pollett and Sister Laura Pretty farewelled for the Training College. Corps Cadet Lillie Hillier.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. BOURN WELCOMED TO DUNDAS.

It was with many regrets that we had to say farewell to Lieut. Champken, our Officer who has been leading us on for the past four months. Although holding the fort practically alone, she has fought valiantly, and God has blessed her efforts in the salvation of precious souls, all of whom are doing well. Sunday, the 17th, was the welcome meetings to Captain and Mrs. Bourn, who are come to take charge of this Corps. They have already got into our hearts, and it does not take much of a prophet to predict great things in store for us under their leadership. God bless them. The meetings, both inside and out, were of a powerful character, many being attracted by the singing of Mrs. Bourn and the playing and singing of the Band. The Devil may look out for some hard hitting from the Dundas soldiers. —One of the Rank and File.

SAVED AT FAREWELL MEETING.

A Juniors' Picnic.

Faversham.—Capt. J. A. Jones farewelled on Sunday, July 10th. The much-needed rain which fell made the crowd small, but we had a glorious meeting. One soul came to the Mercy Seat and found pardon. Capt. Jones has been with us for some time, and is an out-and-out blood and fire Officer, and a great worker. His talks on Holiness at our Soldiers' meetings were a treat. On Thursday last we held our Juniors' picnic. The weather was beautiful, and big crowds young and old, had a most enjoyable time. Our outposts at Ladybank and Rob Roy report good times. Finances improving, crowds good, and the best of order at all our meetings.—E. L. Hubbard, C.C.

Captain H. Graves and Lieut. H. Dray have been welcomed to Palmerston. They report a good week-end. After a well fought prayer meeting on Sunday night, two souls cried to God for pardon. Another young man held up his hand for prayer.—H. G.

Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen conducted the meetings at Lippincott on Sunday, July 17th. One soul sought salvation.

Exploits Harbor.—Ensign and Mrs. Trask have spent three weeks at this Corps. Our last Sunday night meeting was full of life. There was plenty of singing, and before the meeting closed two young women gave themselves to God.

St. John III.—Sunday, July 10th was very hot here, but that did not prevent the showers of blessing falling on Sunday morning. Fifteen came out for consecration at night. Two sought salvation.—C. C.

TWO BANDS VISIT THE TOWN—AND TWO MINISTERS SPEAK WELL OF ARMY.

Big Times in Berlin.

Berlin has been favored with the visit of the Bramford Silver Band, accompanied by Adj. Baird. Two weeks later it was our privilege to hear the Temple Band of Toronto, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Sharp and Major and Mrs. Green. It was a treat for the Berlians who are very musical, and know how to appreciate good music. Big crowds attended both inside and outside meetings, and showed their appreciation by giving liberally to meet the expenses. \$185.00 was raised in the two week ends.

Last Sunday afternoon Rev. Dr. King of Cleveland and Rev. Mr. Daniels of Berlin attended our meeting. After the testimony meeting Dr. King spoke first. He told us how he loved The Army. Every year the Sunday School of his Church collect groceries, fruits, etc., for Harvest Festival and take about a wagonload to the Rescue Home of The Army in Cleveland to show their appreciation in this branch of work. But The Army has his love and sympathy," said Dr. King, "for its great principle, and that is to bring the way of salvation through Jesus Christ our Saviour to sinners.

Rev. Daniels, commencing with the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, explained that in reality we all are the same in the sight of God, and we all need salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. "Just as I am without one plea," was quoted by both gentlemen, and was our closing song, after which Dr. King pronounced the benediction, and we all went home, blessed and encouraged to fight for God and souls. Captains Snelgrove and McIntosh are still leading on.—W. S.

THE INDIANS ON THE SKEENA RIVER.

Fishing for Salmon—and Souls.

The Indians have not only come to Port Eslington to catch salmon, but they are casting the Gospel net over the right side of the ship, and many souls have been caught for God. When the Gospel net was drawn in on a recent Sunday eleven were found at the Mercy Seat. Our marches and meetings are record-breakers for crowds. The writer never saw the people better fitted for the fight for souls. They fight till well high midnight to get the sinners saved. One wishes that the Commissioner and Colonel Mapp could come this way at this time of the year, to see and hear these people when they are all gathered together. However, they will not soon forget their Indian Comrades.—S. Blackburn, Adj.

Seaforth.—We have said goodbye to Captain Crawford after a stay of 17 months. We were sorry to lose him as he has been a blessing to us during his stay here. We have welcomed as our new Officers Captain Evans and Lieut. Woolcott. The week-end meetings were very encouraging, we are in for victory.—Determined.

Adjutant and Mrs. Kendall had good week-end meetings at the Temple. On Sunday night six souls knelt at the Mercy Seat.

STAFF CAPT. WALTON FAREWELL.

Incidents in his career.

Peterboro.—Staff Capt. Walton conducted the meetings on Sunday, July 10th. Expressions of love and appreciation were given by the men. He said he remembered the night marches with the band when in the North of England. He had never thought that he would again serve under him in the Army. The Staff Captain is a man of 20 years' experience in the Army. He said he first met him when working in London on the earth. He was a big, strong, and a good man.

Sister Mrs. Green spoke and blessed the Officers and men, and related her own experience. God called her into The Army, and she has been a great blessing to the Corps. Captain Walton's subject was "The Army's Appeal." He told us how his sister was saved by the railway train, and turning to her husband and saying, "I have found my home," and how she has been a blessing to the Corps. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps.

Bro. Savage spoke at the night meeting.

ASKED SOLDIERS TO PRAY.

Ensign Wilbur's appeal.

Port Arthur.—Ensign Wilbur, a man, a stranger to many of us, came to pray for his own soul and for the souls of his comrades. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps.

All day Sunday God was in power. Interval was given to our open-air meetings. Ensign Wilbur, our new Officer, gave his farewell address. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps. He said he was a great blessing to the Corps.

West Toronto.—Capt. and Cox conducted the meetings on Sunday, July 10th. The meetings were very successful. The band and the Officers were a great blessing to the Corps. The band and the Officers were a great blessing to the Corps. The band and the Officers were a great blessing to the Corps.

Capt. and Mrs. Morehen conducted the meetings at Lippincott on Sunday, July 17th. One soul sought salvation.

TWO NEW BANDS.

Norfolk, Ontario.—The new band is prospering. The band is a great blessing to the Corps. The band is a great blessing to the Corps. The band is a great blessing to the Corps.

LISGAR BAND AT BRAMPTON.

Brigadier Morehen Present—A Busy Week-end.

About eight years ago the Lisgar St. Band visited Brampton for the first time. The Bandmen made a good impression during that visit. On Saturday and Sunday, July 9th and 10th, they confirmed that impression by their splendid performances. Brigadier Morehen, the D. O., accompanied the Band.

On Saturday night a musical festival was given in The Army's spacious Hall. The crowd was large—for Saturday night is always and everywhere "shopping night."

The Poor House was visited early on Sunday morning. How much the old people appreciated the Band's music it would be hard to calculate. Their faces, however, showed something of an unexpressed delight.

An open-air meeting was conducted on the return journey. The Holiness meeting in the Hall was led by Brigadier Morehen.

On Sunday afternoon the Band gave a service of praise in the town Park. Mayor Thaburn presided. Several hundred persons enjoyed a magnificent programme of music and song.

At night the Hall was well filled for the Salvation meeting. Brigadier Morehen gave an earnest address at the meeting.



The "King's Own" Quartette.

One of which the Band again went on the Main street corner and rendered several marches and selections. Bandmaster Dobney led the band. The instrumental quartette won great favour throughout the week-end.

A BABY CORPS' CONTRIBUTION.

Norman's Cove, T.B.—Cadet S. Newhook has farewelled for the College at St. John's No. 11. We miss her because she was a great worker. Our Corps is just a "Baby," yet we can praise God for one Cadet having gone home to work for God and souls in England.

On Sunday, July 3rd, we had with us Captain Warren from the S. A. Depot. The Captain gave splendid addresses. At night a backslider came back to God. Another soul has been saved since that time.

RENOVATIONS AND RE-OPENING.

St. John's Citadel, after undergoing extensive renovations, has been re-opened. The event was celebrated by a great crowd: the Band gave a musical festival.

Freeman, who is assisting Adjutant Crocker at The Army's Home for Children in this city, has been welcomed as a Soldier of this Corps.

Our ties close to our lips. It is always listening. It is always speaking. It is always suffering even louder.

The Bandmen are waiting for the arrival of the new presents, and are busy preparing the presentation service.

Colonel and Mrs. Scott, of the U. S. A. have come to England and they have spent a little time during the week. Colonel Annie Osborne from Africa is expected to arrive here on the 23rd. inst.

1. *Staphylococcus aureus*

1. **Introduction**

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER

International Headquarters,

The General.

Our Grand Old General continues to keep moving round in a manner which makes him the wonder of all. "I think your General has found out the secret of perpetual motion," was the remark of an admirer the other day. This casual suggestion really stated a remarkable truth. But the forces that control and command the General are not simply physical (although we thank God for his physical energies), but are in the realm of what has been called "Spiritual dynamism." So long as the fire for souls burns in his breast, so long must our beloved Leader not only keep going, but set the pace for the whole Army.

Those who heard The General last week at Ipswich say they never remember him plead with such unquenchable passion for the souls of the people, as in the Prayer Meeting at night. The harvest of souls that came forward was a splendid reward.

But even more interesting and encouraging than the record of seekers at the Mercy Seat in The General's meetings are the stories of how the converts continue to go on. A recent letter from Barrow tells of 26 who testified in the Holiness Meeting on the following Sunday. Also that one Convert who sought pardon—an old lady 86 years of age—attended three times on the Sunday, and was present at the Open Air at night. Another, a woman who has been in jail nearly 200 times, is doing splendidly.

At a little meeting in the Rescue Home, where she is at present staying, she said: "I want to live long enough to be able to return to Sunderland to let the police and people know what God and the Army have done for me."

On Friday, the 22nd, The General, accompanied by the Chief of the Staff, went to Buxton to formally inaugurate the Small Holdings Scheme, which the name of the late Mr. George Herring was associated. Earl Carrington will preside. A large new house will be erected, and the proceedings bid fair to be historic.

Personalities.
Mrs. Booth, accompanied by Colonel Durr, left London for Stockholm on Tuesday last. Mrs. Booth will conduct the Annual Swedish Congress from July 7th to 11th.

The Foreign Secretary leaves for London next Monday evening to conduct the Annual Field Day at Nimbleton on the 19th. Important business matters will claim the Foreign Secretary's attention during the visit.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker is giving a Timelight and Cinematograph Lecture on India, at the Eccleston Hall in London on Monday the 18th. Arrangements are also being made to give a special exhibition at Clapton for the benefit of the Cadets in training.

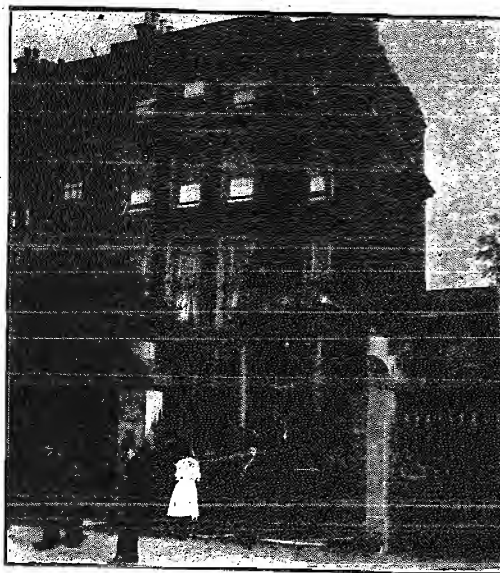
Commissioner McAlonan spent several days at I. H. Q. in connection with important matters concerning the War in Germany. He has now returned to Berlin.

Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Scott, of the 6th B. A. have come to England on leave. They have spent a little time in I. H. Q. during the week.

Lieutenant Colonel Annie Osborne of South Africa is expected to arrive in England on the 23rd. Inst.

On Sunday afternoon, July 1st, Portage in the Pacific Bandmen had an open-air service at Island Park. Captain Macdonald of Winnipeg was in charge. The music was enjoyed by a large number of people. For the remainder of the summer these services will be continued.

The Bandmen of the 4th Cavalry will be the arrival of the new band. They are busy practicing for the presentation service.



Sturge House, London.
The Newly-opened Home for Destitute Boys.

Home for Destitute Boys

A magnificent home for boys was recently opened by Mrs. Booth at 32 Bow Road, London, England, marking a distinct and significant stage in the evolution of The Army's ever-widening social operations.

The pressing character of that need may be judged from the fact that during the past eight years no fewer than 2,500 destitute boys were dealt with in our various Social Institutions for Men.

Many of these boys were found to be absolutely drift in the world—with either no home to go to, or none worth the name—and with the only prospect before them a life of crime; a condition in which they would be-

come a burden to themselves and to the State.

Responding to this imperative need, therefore, The Army has, at great expense, shouldered a new and heavy responsibility.

The opening ceremony, which was held in one of the largest rooms of the house, was presided over by the Hon. Harry Lawson, M.P. Accompanying the chairman were the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman (Chaplain of the Chapel Royal, Savoy), the Rev. H. J. Kitcat (Rector of Bow), the Mayor of Poplar (Councillor R. B. Brown), Alderman A. E. Thorp, and Councillors W. F. Bate, G. E. Lewsey, and A. W. Yeo, Commissioner and Mrs. Sturgeon, Commissioner Rees, and Commissioner Cadman, Lieut-Colonel Jolliffe, and other Officers.

Social Work in Hamburg

The Social work that The Army is doing among men is highly valued in the progressive city of Hamburg. It will be remembered that Hamburg is one of the famous Hanse towns, and is with a few miles of territory round it, actually a small State within the German Empire. The Municipal Authorities have now agreed to give The Army a subsidy of 10,000 Marks per annum for the next three years in aid of our Social Work. During the past year the amount donated has been exactly half that sum. Before proposing the increased vote, a searching investigation was made into the results of our work. The discussion in the Chamber brought out the fact that, while we have a few exacting critics, our friends are loyal and outspoken in their admiration of the

work we have been able to do. The institutions to which reference has been made consists of a large and very finely equipped Home in the city, as well as a Farm some miles out.

The King of Sweden.

The Salvationists of Lidköping are quite pleased with themselves on account of the very gracious manner in which their King signalled them out for notice upon a recent visit to their town. His Majesty stopped upon hearing the Salvationists cheer, and made kind enquiries from the Officer as to the progress of the work in the town.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Crispin.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Crispin arrived at Seoul after 19 days' journey via Berlin, Moscow, the Trans-Siberian Railway, Nagasaki, and the Korean Railway, on the evening of June 10th. As the train drew in to the station their ears were saluted with the welcome strains of a Salvation Army band. All the European Officers, the Korean Cadets in training, and a number of other Korean comrades, including the juniors with Chinese lanterns were at the station to meet them.

A procession was formed, and the march through the streets of the city to the Training College would have done credit to many of the large London Corps. On arrival in the Training College Compound short speeches of welcome were made by representative Korean comrades, and the Staff-Captain and his wife were speedily made to feel quite at home.

Medical Class.

The examinations connected with the Medical Class conducted by Maj. Dr. Turner and Dr. Jones at the Catherine Booth Hospital at Nagasaki have just concluded. Several native students, of whom some are Salvation Army Officers, have passed with honors in chemistry and pharmacy.

Commissioning of Cadets.

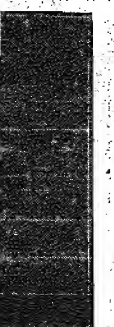
Sixteen Cadets have just been commissioned in Tokyo at a meeting held in a large Public Hall. Major Beaumont, the Training Officer, handed them over to the Field with an appropriate speech, and Major Orr, the Field Secretary, gave them a warm welcome. Already 21 Cadets have been accepted for the new season, and other applications are being considered.

New Openings in Japan.

Two new openings are taking place in Japan. One is at Shidzuoka, a prosperous town with a population of 50,000. It is a great tea centre. Brigadier Yamamoto was invited to address a crowd of 2,700 apprentices at this place a few months ago. A hall has already been secured, and Captain Hashimoto (who recently passed through the Clapton Training College) has been appointed to take charge.

The other opening is at Omiya, with 20,000 population. This is the centre of Japan, the people being mostly employed at the Government Railway and Engineering Works, which are situated there. A building which was formerly used as a restaurant

vicinity which...
...foundations on to



of the Decker

the Metropolitan
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t long, driven
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under falling 29
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with a thick
pyramid, which
a native diver ex-
earth, a lump at a
like instrument called a
to a rope.

action of the



BAND CHAT.

(Continued from page 4)

Bandman J. Liddle, the veteran Bandman Blunt, and Bandman Martin.

The Ligar St. Band visited Hampton on Saturday and Sunday, July 9th and 10th. See report elsewhere in this week's issue.

Bandman Neworthy, late of Darlington, has been welcomed to the Temple Band.

On Sunday, July 17th, the Band played from the latest journal, "The Times" march No. 1, "The Bay of the Door," and "Come Home" selections.

On July 28th the Band is giving a festival in conjunction with the Divisional Songster Brigade.

In refuting a statement by those who heard somebody make that there were no Army Bands there would be any, a veteran Bandman (not a cadet) said: "Why, I remember the time when there was no such thing as an Army Band. Real warbands! I was indeed. And I love to think of the old days—the days when we were called names far worse than what (His name was Daff!)"

On Sunday afternoon, July 1st, Portage in the Pacific Bandmen had an open-air service at Island Park. Captain Macdonald of Winnipeg was in charge. The music was enjoyed by a large number of people. For the remainder of the summer these services will be continued.

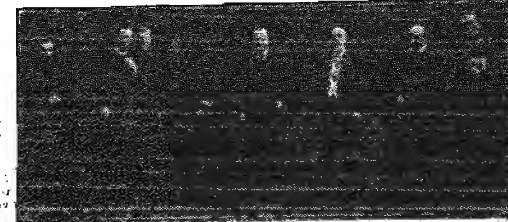
The Bandmen of the 4th Cavalry will be the arrival of the new band. They are busy practicing for the presentation service.

Hollow Brick
India.

bank of the
loading with
played from the
interior
The piers
built above the
bund, and have
the required

may be suf-
suspended in soft
heavy loads.
rated, they are
and, will last

Quickband.
building for
company at Broad-
street, New York,
above the side-
about ten million
weight of one
two-million
fifty-nine con-
about a half
way curb. Some
up to a height
above the ground
signs, and much



On the Lawn of Sturge House, Our New Home for Boys.
To the left of Mrs. Booth are her Chairman, the Hon. Harry Lawson, the Mayor of Poplar, and the Rev. Hugh B. Chapman. On Mrs. Booth's right, Commissioner and Mrs. Sturgeon, and the Rev. H. J. Kitcat.

has been secured, and will be converted into a hall. We already have several Soldiers in the town, who are delighted at the prospect of a Corps being commenced, and who will form the nucleus of a fighting force.

"Society and Humanity."

This is the title of a book of 750 pages just published in Japanese by Mr. Tomioka, one of the head officials in the Home Department of the Japanese Government. He refers rather extensively to the work of the Salvation Army, which he has had the opportunity of studying in England and in America. He considers The Salvation Army to be the greatest and most successful organization in the world for dealing with and helping the poor and unfortunate classes of society. He attributes The Army's success to the following reasons:

1. The existence of a great personality in the Founder, whose character he considers greatly resembles that of his Divine Master—the Founder of Christianity.
2. The aggressive spirit of The Army—ever marching on like the Japanese Soldiers in the last war with Russia.
3. The way The Army adapts itself to the circumstances of every country.
4. The Army's straightforward and practical way of preaching Salvation.
5. The principle of self-support. The Army's motto of helping men and women to help themselves.
6. The Army's scientific and business-like methods, as distinct from mere sentimentality.

Transfer of Municipal Shelter in Buenos Aires.

As a result of several interviews Commissioner Cosandey has had with the Intendente (Lord Mayor) of Buenos Aires, a large Shelter, which has been run under the auspices of the Municipality, is now placed under our supervision. The idea is that all vagabonds, who disgrace the streets of Buenos Aires, should be given the option of either going to jail or being dealt with on Salvation Army lines at the Shelter. The Police Authorities have received definite orders to give us all possible help.

The T. C. has had a lengthy interview with the Chief of the Metropolitan Police, who has very large powers, and as a result, three Officers—Staff-Captain Borman, Adjutant Jayet and Ailemand will receive a written power authorizing them to deal with any vagabond as they deem advisable, and the police will be expected to render such assistance as may be required. We are to receive from the Government and Municipality a large quantity of Waste Paper, Wood, etc., with which to provide labour for these men. The work we are undertaking will be paid entirely from the Municipal Funds.

An Austrian Corps.

It will be remembered that Gahlonz, which is just over the border in the Austrian Empire, was opened by The Army some two and a half years ago. The story of how the work came to be established there is most touching. A young fellow from the city of Gahlonz took part in the South African War, where he was wounded, and by some means got into touch with Salvationists. The intercourse resulted

in his conversion. In his gratitude he made a vow to God that if he came back to his native town in safety he would do his utmost to get The Army to commence operations there. This he eventually did. He hired a Hall, made all arrangements for the opening, and looked forward eagerly for the pioneer Officers. However, within a few days of the date of the first meeting, he was taken ill, and passed away. The work, however, has gone on, and we have a nice little Corps, as well as a small Children's Home. Though our liberties are very restricted, it is something to have a foothold in the great Empire of Austria.

A DAY WITH A FIELD OFFICER.

(Continued from page 3.)
right," and who objects to everything and everybody but herself. It takes time to soften her, to get her under the spell of the Cross, but the Captain deems it amply worth the time to change a sour spirit into a sweet one. She melts at length, and confesses: "It was all my own fault, only I wouldn't say so. I wonder the good Lord ain't right out of patience with an old crab like me."

Next door to the "old crab" lives what the Captain calls "a hard case." She has never been able to get behind her bulwarks of cold indifference. To-day she is mauling. "Ever so busy, aren't you?" says the visitor. "Bee, I'll turn, and you put under."

The Captain's taking her heavy end of the work completely d'sarms the woman. She smiles, loses all her defensive spirit, and chats away quite sociably, even responding a little to the Officer's words about her soul.

Several "cups of tea" are offered to the girl-Captain as she presses through her last hour, but she refuses every one; it is her custom to get all the time she can for preparation for the meeting.
No Need for Sweets.
"What matter if I have not a big Corps just now?" she says. "The few I get need some solid spiritual food every time they come, some real Bible truth. I was so encouraged one night last week; an old man was offered a sweet in the meeting, and he growled: 'Take it back, I'm getting fed. I want now to help it down.' The Bible can be made thoroughly interesting to our people if one will take a story, and not be afraid of describing it. I do find I get their attention infinitely better if I've got a good grip of the subject myself; I like to look them well in the eyes, and fire away without having to wonder what comes next."

"What is Truth?"
On the front form of the inside meeting to-night there sits a so-called Free-thinker. He has been attracted to the Hall each evening since last Sunday's Open-air meeting in Victoria Park. The infidels get big crowds, why not? queried the Captain, and forthwith she had a banner prepared to carry before the march, asking "What is Truth?" It was a bold venture, but she stodied up her subject well, and opening with some sympathetic remarks to the sincere enquirer, she showed the nature of Truth, expatiating upon "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and climaxed triumphantly with "I Am the Truth." Many new hearers joined the ring, amongst them this man who, though he knows it not, is seeking Christ, the Solver of the world's problem.

At 9.15 the Captain draws her meeting to a close, leaving the Lieutenant to lock up while she runs off to catch a backslider who has been a wonderful trophy of grace, but who has let surrounding circumstances come between himself and God. His fiancée dropped her profession of Christ; his home people persecuted him; every way he gave in, and is now obdurate. "Hullo, Captain, what ever think to see you after me at this time of night?"

"It is the only time I can catch you, Brother Jones, and I wait a few minutes' talk."

"Now, look here, Captain, I ain't no use, I'm never going to try no more. They've led me a dance here over my religion, now they shall see I can lead them a dance. I'll show 'em!" In spite of all he may say the officer talks hopefully on; the man's chatter stops, his head droops.

"You do not want to disappoint your Lord, however hard it is." That touches him. A crushed red handkerchief has to do duty for a pocket-handkerchief. Presently a big sob escapes him, and, in obedience to the gentle pressure upon his arm, the man sinks to his knees, confesses his wrong to God, and asks for pardon. This incident has considerably lengthened the usual day—you cannot get people broken down and converted in two or three minutes—but it sends the Captain to her well-earned rest a very happy woman.

LIEUT. COLONEL SHARP AND MAJOR HAY

Tour New Ontario. An Interesting Report.

Lt.-Col. Sharp and Major Hay left Orillia on July 6 for a week's tour through Ontario.

Montville. — Notwithstanding the fact that Capt. Horne made a slight error regarding the dates of our visit, an ice cream social and reception being arranged for the 7th instead of the 6th, soon became noticed abroad that the P. C. and D. O. were in the town. The Soldiers turned out well, and a splendid open-air was held.

Cobalt. — Here we found Eas. Calvert with his overalls on "bussing" a big gang of carpenters who were earnestly working on the new hall, the old one having been moved to the rear to be used for A. Y. P. Hall. We had the use of the Presbyterian Church for the evening, at which the P. C. performed the marriage of Y. P. S. M. Willmot Speck and Sis. Minnie Craig. A large crowd gathered to see this interesting event. At the close we went to the Y. P. Hall, where Mrs. Calvert had arranged a tea.

Cochran. — Here we found a new town, 252 miles north of North Bay and the junction of the T. and N. O. and G. T. P. Railway. Already this place is one of great interest, there being many stores, banks, and business houses, which go to make up a coming city. The Salvation Army is not behind. A splendid lot in a prominent place has been secured, and as soon as we can get suitable Officers we anticipate opening our work in this place.

At New Liskeard it was the privilege of the P. C. and D. O. to meet Enis. and Capt. Pattenden, whose courteous manner in providing dinner was greatly appreciated.

Haliburton. — Here we were to spend Saturday and Sunday, opening our new Citadel. Our party was joined by Adjt. Campbell, who rendered valuable service. Saturday night being warm, all efforts were devoted to the open-air. On Sunday at 11 a.m. a goodly number came to hear Col. Sharp's address. Three souls came out for consecration. The 3 p.m. service was considerably affected by the much needed rain, but quite a number attended, and three more souls came forward. At night the seats were all taken. The Colonel again launched out on a magnificent address, and three more souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. His Worship Mayor Young and his wife, Col. Sharp, Major Hay, and a number of friends were at the head of the table. Enis. and Mrs. Calvert and Enis. and Capt. Pattenden from New Liskeard were also present. A program was well rendered by the Officers. His Worship Mayor Young made some very complimentary remarks upon The Army and its work in the town of Haliburton, and said he was glad to see that the Salvation Army was enlarging its Hall. He was in sympathy with The Salvation Army, and was prepared to help it as he thought a great deal of good had been done by our preaching on the streets, and was looking forward to The Army helping him in some plan he had for the increase of temperance in the future. Songs were rendered by Captain Brass, Mrs. Enis. Calvert, and Capt.

Pattenden. — On the 10th we went upon to make a tour of the town. The people responded very well, notwithstanding the fact that they had contributed \$55.00, making a total of \$157 for the weekend.

Among the contributors was the Mayor, who contributed \$25.00, and Johny Wilson, who contributed \$10.00, which were the first contributions to the building. God bless them. Young was greatly touched by a little boy's generous offer, and at the heart of the service, seeing that the crowd is growing, we went to the building, of which we had a large spacious hall, and went to the basement for Y. P. with a room adjoining, and is situated in a prominent place one block from the heart of the town. There are 100 places, and are now under the orders, being appointed to be heard. The Captain gave credit for her services, and has been entirely in the spirit.

North Bay is a promising town, and Bandmen have recently been here. Instruments have been bought, and there is great interest in the Band being organized. The work is improving daily, and we can look out for good news from North Bay.—Buckin.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

(Continued from page 3.)
ways like to have the best band where they make their home. Postmaster Joseph. Kneel, and others went to the funeral. He did not lose any time while on his journey. You may think it strange that they should be leaving so soon, and choruses while on the way to bury the dead. They do look at the coroner's office in the time, as they know that the ones are with Him Who said: "I will fer the little ones to come up here for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. We ask the prayer of comrades for the blessed."

S. Mackenzie, Jr.

As He Saw It.

The Mulroney family had been upon hard times, and at last they decided upon leaving the city to try and trying their fortune in the Atlantic. Packing was proceeding steadily, when Patrick, the son of a boy, the "biggest fighter" in the "biggest eater" in all Dorset entered.

"Father," he said, "use us, that's not comin' to America with you. 'And why not?' as a father said. 'His a great country, but we do ye wish to desert to, Patrick, me boy?'"

There was a moment's silence before Pat spoke.

"I've been talkin' to Father O'Hanlon," he said then.

"And what did he tell ye?"

"Sure he says that when the clock widd us here, 'tis time to be evenin' in America."

"Well?"

"Well, father, sure 'tis you that knows I was always a heavy drinker, and be this and be that, 'tis more than I could do to wait till the time dinner."

Congratulations to Lieutenant Burge, Cooper, and William Newfoundland, who have just been promoted to the rank of Captain.

You must be careful of your health before you can be of any use in Spirit.

Before a soul can be saved, God it must be obtained from the

"A THING OF B
Salvation
now on SALE.

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PARENTS	
CHILDREN	

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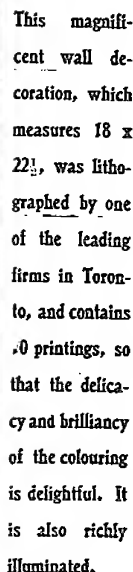
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This magnificent Family Record will be sent post free to any part of the Dominion for Seventy-five Cents.

NO SALVATIONIST FAMILY SHOULD BE WITH UT THIS RECORD.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

Here, Captain, 'tain't no
or going to try no more.
to a dance here over my
they shall see I can
dance. I'll show 'em!"
all he may say the Of-
portunity on; the man's
his head droops.
of want to disappoint
ever hard it is!"
him. A crushed red
has to do duty for a
orchief. Presently a big
him, and, in obedience to
measure upon his arm, the
his knees, confesses his
and asks for pardon.
lent has considerably
the usual day—you can-
be broken down and con-
of three minutes—but
Captain to her well-
very happy woman.

Ontario: An Interesting Report

— Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Horne made a slight change in the dates of our visit, the social and reception before the 7th instead of the 8th became noised abroad. Mr. C. and D. O. were in the city. The soldiers turned out well, and an open-air was held.

(Continued from page 4)

ways like to have the dead buried where they make their home. Our master Joseph Knott and many others went to the funeral. They did not lose any time while on their journey. You may think it strange that they should be learning new songs and choruses while on the way to bury the dead. They do so look at the sorrowful side of the time, as they know that their loved ones are with Him Who said: "I prefer the little ones to come into the Kingdom for such is the Kingdom of Heaven. We ask the prayers of all comrades for the bereaved."

The Mulrancy family had fallen upon hard times, and at last they had decided upon leaving the old country and trying their fortunes across the Atlantic. Patrick was plowing silently, when Patrick, that brother of a boy, the "finest fighter" and the "biggest enter" in all Donegal, entered.

"That's not comin' to Ameriky wid me," said Pat.

"An' why not?" said Mulroney.

"'Tis a great country, bedad, but I do ye wish to desert us, Father, me boy?"

There was a moment's silence before Pat spoke.

"I've been talkin' to Father O'Flinn," he said then.

"And what did he tell ye?"

"Sure he says that when it is ten o'clock wid us here, 'tis also in the evening in Ameriky."

"Well?"

"Well, father, sure 'tis yerself he knows I was always a hearty man, and be this and be that, I'll more than I could do to wait that long to me dinner."

Congratulations to Lieutenants Burgo, Cooper, and Whitcomb of Newfoundland, who have just been promoted to the rank of Captain.

You must be emptied of self before you can be filled with God.

Before a soul can love and
God it must be cleansed from sin.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, will attempt to locate them, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioners of the R. C. M. P., in Albert Street, Toronto, and make "Enquiry" of the newspaper. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioners if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

8004. MOONEY, THOMAS. Tall, slim built, dark hair, dark eyes, age 36. Deen in Canada three years last April. Missing since December last. Was then working for the G. T. R. at Harbor. News wanted.

7651. YEAXIE, FRANCIS ARNOLD, age 21, height 6 ft., dark brown hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion. Was working on the C. P. R. at Winnipeg when last heard of. News wanted.

7597. MASON, WRIGHT. Age 48, height 5 ft. 9 in., grey hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Left Liverpool, England, March, 1909. Came to this country. Last known address Montreal. News wanted.



7994. SIMS, HENRY DREW. Would anyone give information concerning Henry Drew Sims. Age 36. Last heard of about four years ago, in New Zealand, when he talked of going to Oregon, U.S.A. Mother is anxious. Communicate with the Salvation Army. (See photo).

8010. HARTON, HARRY. Last heard of in Seaford, Ontario, 1892. Anybody knowing his present address kindly communicate with A. B. Box 289, Coburne, Alta., or the above Office.

7666. BOWIE, MRS. Information wanted of relatives of Andrew Bowie, blacksmith. Were residents in Lindsay 25 years ago, but might be known in London and Hamilton. Kindly communicate with above Office.

7993. CRUTCHLEY, GEORGE WILLIAM. Age 36. Tall, light hair, fair complexion. Left Wigan, England, for Canada three years ago. Last letter April 16th, 1909. His address urgently wanted.

8012. PARKIN, WILLIAM HENRY. Aged 24. Light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, may be married, may be in Toronto. Last heard of somewhere in Ontario. Missing 19 years. Mother anxious for news.

8013. MOSS, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight about 150 lbs., sandy moustache turning grey, has black suitcase and telescope grip, very active, third finger on right hand off at the first joint. May be farming. Has been heard of in Solihull, Man. Last heard of at Woodstock. News wanted.

(Second Insertion.)

7670. RIDDELL, HARRY. Age 45; English; height 5 ft. 2 in.; fresh complexion; auburn hair; blue eyes; carpenter. Last known address McCaul Street, Toronto, 1886. News urgently needed.

7660. BECKHAM, JOHN. Age 65; height 5 ft. 9 in.; brown hair; grey eyes; fair complexion; farmer; comes from Norfolk, England. Not heard of for many years.

7978. SHEEN, PETER and JOHN. Aged about 30 and 26 respectively. When quite young sent from Thornton Heath to the North Hyde School, Canada. Relatives anxious for news.

7912. WILSON, GEORGE. Age 40; dark complexion; black hair and unobscured; had four false teeth in front; slightly turned up nose; had a decided limp in walk. News wanted.

7077. STONE, ROBERT. Born in Canada 2 years; last heard of in Toronto. Has also been in Montreal; age 23. Parents, who are now in the country, enquiring.

7901. SCOTT, JEAN and DAVID and BELLA STEVENSON. All single; 20, 24 and 22 years of age respectively; when last heard of, about 6 or 6 years ago; were living in Fernley, Canada. News urgently needed.

SALVATION SONGS.

Heliass.

Tune—Speak, Saviour, Speak, 176; Song-Book, No. 431.

1 Let me hear Thy Voice now speaking,
Let me hear and I'll obey;
While before Thy cross I'm seeking,
Oh, chase my fears away!
Oh, let the light now falling
Reveal my every need;
Now hear me while I'm calling,
Oh, speak, and I will heed.

Chorus:

Speak, Saviour, speak,
Obey Thee I will ever;
Down at Thy Cross I seek
From all that's wrong to sever.

Let me hear, and I will follow.
Though the path be strewn with
thorns:
It is joy to share Thy sorrow,
Thou makest calm the storm.
Now my heart Thy temple making,
In Thy fullness dwell with me.
Every evil way forsaking,
Thine only I will be.

2 The sea of God's eternal love
Is rolling in, is rolling in;
The current's deep and strong and
wide,
It's rolling in, it's rolling in;
Upon its waves new hope it brings
Of constant victory over sin;
This blessed work it now begins,
It's rolling in, it's rolling in.

Chorus:

It's rolling in, it's rolling in;
The sea of love is rolling in;
Lord, I believe; Lord, I receive,
The Spirit's love is rolling in.

With love for souls my life possesses—
It's rolling in, it's rolling in;
With fiery zeal now fill my breast—
It's rolling in, it's rolling in.
And through me let Thy treasures pour,
That weary hearts that now are sore
May feel Thy touch of love once more.
It's rolling in, it's rolling in.

War and Testimony.

Tune—"Men of Harlech," 251, G. and B.; Song Book.

3 Soldier, rouse thee, war is raging,
God and fiends are battle waging.
Every ransomed power engaging,
Break the Tempter's spell!
Dare ye still lie fondly dreaming,
Wrapt in ease and worldly scheming,
While the multitudes are streaming
Downwards into hell!

Through the world resounding,
Let the Gospel soundings,
Summon all at Jesus' call,
His glorious Cross surrounding;
Sons of God, earth's trifles leaving,
Be not faithless but believing,
To your conquering Captain cleaving,
Forward to the fight!

7915. WOOLLEY, WILLIAM. Age 37; tall; slightly bald on top of head; missing two years and six months; probably in Winnipeg. News wanted.

7128. CLARKE, WILLIAM ARTHUR. Age 22; height 6 ft. 6 in.; brown hair; brown eyes; dark complexion; English. Last heard of in Toronto. Friends anxious for news.

7947. AVRIS, HARRY, who was born in Birmingham, England, 26 years ago, and who came to Canada when ten years old, is at present dangerously ill in the Holy Cross Hospital, Calgary. He wishes to hear from his sisters, Mrs. Watkins, Bourne-mouth, and Mrs. Harry Rodgers, living at Nottingham, when last heard from. His father, George Avris, died in Winchester when Harry was a child. English Cry please copy.

7925. WRIGHT, HARRY MABERLY. Age 23; single; short; dark hair; brown eyes; dark complexion. Englishman. Last heard of in Toronto. News wanted.

7812. BAKER, ELIZABETH. Age 27; missing 15 years; last known address Minnesota Post Office. News urgently needed.

Hark! I hear the warriors shouting,
Now the hosts of hell we're routing;
Courage! onward! never doubting,
We shall win the day.
See the foe before us falling,
Sinners on the Saviour calling,
Throwing off the bondage galling—
Join our glad array.

Tunes—"My Soul Is Now United," 101; "I'd Choose to Be a Soldier," 88; Song Book, No. 261.

4 Oh, I have been to Jesus! To
me He's spoken peace;
To-day He is my Refuge; Oh, what a
sweet release!
From every storm He hides me, from
sin He keeps me free;
In everything He guides me, He's
All-in-all to me.

Chorus:

Oh, glory to His name! etc.

Once on the stormy billows my sin-
sick soul was tossed;
But now I'm in the harbour, my fears
and troubles lost.
I'm glad I've cast my anchor, I'm
sure that 't will hold;
And I shall go to Heaven to share
the love untold.

Salvation.

Tune—"Jesus Now Is Passing,"

5 Come, weary sinner, to the cross,
The Saviour bids you come;
Come trusting in His precious blood,
Wait not—there still is room.

Chorus:

Jesus now is passing by,
I'll go out to meet Him;
While He is so very nigh,
I'll go out to greet Him.

Oh, why delay your long return?
The Spirit gently pleads:
Come to the Cross, whereon for you
The dying Saviour bleeds.

He waits to fill your soul with joy,
And all your sins forgive;
He's love for you no tongue can tell,
Oh, trust His grace and live!

Tune—Harwich, 181; "Drink When
I'm Dry," 189.

6 All ye that pass by:
To Jesus draw nigh:
To you is it nothing
That Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety He is.
Come see if there ever
Was sorrow like His.

For what you have done
His blood must atone:
The Father has pun-ished
For you His dear Son.
The Lord in the day
Of His anger did lay
Your sins on the Lamb
And He bore them away.



7972. GRAHAM, JOHN ROBERT. Canadian. Age 25; 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair; grey eyes; dark complexion; year on left hand. News urgently needed. See photo.

7971. CLIP, MENTE, "S. RAIL, WILLIAM. Age 29; height 5 ft. 6 in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes; fair complexion; mark under chin. News urgently needed.

7880. CUMMING DAVID SCOTT. Scottish; married; age 27; height 5 ft. 11 in.; dark. Working on C. P. R. Quebec, 1898. Last heard of in Quebec. News wanted.

7881. HUTCHINSON, CHAR. F. or ANDERSON. Age 19; height 5 ft. 2 in.; brown hair; fair complexion; blue eyes; Canadian. Missing four years; very quiet and bright. News wanted.

RECEIVED BY
Will contact missing
TORONTO 1 ON SUNDAY

STAFF-CAPTAIN WIFE

Will contact missing

AT TORONTO 1

ON JULY 28th.

Captain Eastwell of the
Training Home will visit the
places—
Oshawa, Estabrook and
and 31st
All intending candidates
the Captain.

7969. HILL, JOHN. Age 18;
6 ft.; fair complexion; last
heard of 8 years ago, then at
may be in Lumber Camp near
Sound. Mother anxious for
news.

7955. MCADAMS, SANDY.
Age 32; supposed to be
5 ft. 10 in.; brown hair; grey
Last heard of in R. C. O. Oshawa.
Mother anxious.

7903. MAKER, STEVEN. Age 23;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair
complexion; light brown hair; mar-
ried; English; father. He
since December, 1884. A
chain. News wanted.

7899. RASHBURN, LOUIS
AEL. Danish; tall and
black hair; bookkeeper; last
heard of in Hawkebury, Ont. 1892.
News wanted.

7924. OLSEN, OLAV. Age 11;
medium height; short; last
heard of in April, 1905. News
wanted.

7913. GREEN, OGDEN.
Age 58; fair hair; fair
complexion; fruit dealer
across one eye. Missing two
years. Last known address, Halifax.

7743. ANNIE, IRVING and
NIE TRAMLEY. Age 11, 12
respectively. Canadian; dark
blue eyes; fair complexion;
twelve years. Last heard of at
dore, Ontario. News wanted.

7900. PRINCE, WILLIAM.
heard of 13 years ago. Was
Angus, Ontario, on a small
also driving mail wagon.
5 ft. 9 in.; dark complexion.
News wanted.

7924. LAIN, CHARLES. Age 18;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair hair; fair
complexion. Born in
time months. Last heard of
Brinsford. Said to be in
A. One time worked in
E. C. News wanted.

7945. PEELER, JOHN. Age 18;
height 6 ft.; fair complexion;
dark brown hair; was
gold tooth in front
teeth. Missing two years.
Last heard of in Toronto. Believed
somewhere in the vicinity of
ton. News urgently needed.

7849. HUDSON, ELIZABETH.
Elizabeth Hudson, wife of
her father's people; last heard of
Uncle Joseph. Her father and
er are both dead. They were
Toronto in 1880. Anybody
give information, please write
office.

7923. HUGHES, MRS. M.
FORD. Came to this country
her husband and family in
1906. Last heard of in 1906.
Age 37; height 5 ft. 6 in.;
red; blue eyes; fair complexion.
From Yorkshire. News
wanted.

7904. GERRIT, MRS.
SARAH. Age 35; born in
1869. Last heard of in
Montreal; may be in
some Western Province.
News wanted.

7890. ARNOLD, J. D. Age 18;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair
complexion; last heard of in
age eleven years; was in
Africa War; born in
T. H. T. A. An old friend
anxious for news.

7857. GIBBS, J. W. Age 18;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair
complexion; last heard of in
both arms; last heard of in
Africa War; born in
T. H. T. A. An old friend
anxious for news.

7857. GIBBS, J. W. Age 18;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair
complexion; last heard of in
both arms; last heard of in
Africa War; born in
T. H. T. A. An old friend
anxious for news.

7857. GIBBS, J. W. Age 18;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair
complexion; last heard of in
both arms; last heard of in
Africa War; born in
T. H. T. A. An old friend
anxious for news.

7857. GIBBS, J. W. Age 18;
height 5 ft. 6 in.; fair
complexion; last heard of in
both arms; last heard of in
Africa War; born in
T. H. T. A. An old friend
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26th Year. No. 44.

CHRIST, T